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VOL. XII.

No. III.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Hinc vobis gratia magis, totumque Valerius
Cantabunt Scholæ, omniūque Patres."

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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No. 3.

THE CREATIVE ART—PHASES OF LITERATURE.

" But onward to the sphere of beauty—go !
Onward, O Child of Art ! and, lo,
Out of the matter which thy pains control
The statue springs ! not as with labor wrung
From the hard block, but as from nothing sprung—
Airy and light—the offspring of the soul !
The pangs, the cares, the weary toils it cost,
Leave not a trace when once the work is done—
The artist's human frailty merged and lost
In Art's great victory won !"—SCHILLER.

LIFE,—Being,—Activity,—Fancy,—Reproduction,—*Creation*—are each and all but different phases—divisions and subdivisions—in man's existence. As marks upon the dial-plate of Time, they indicate his progress from infancy to childhood, to boyhood, to youth, to manhood, to *Maturity*. As tokens of the subtler shades of Intellect, they herald him forth, and point out Nature's nobility. And as both chronicles and gages, they tell of a purer, a nobler Intellectual Spirit—Life whose mazes none may thread save the greatest and the mightiest—the heirs of Thought. The genial warmth of a summer sun may entice the worm from its hiding-place—may recall to life and to joy the minutest insect—may make the green grass to smile and be glad, and may diffuse happiness throughout all the domain of nature. But its charm cannot lull to quietude the soul of man : life and happiness will not content him, and the feverish energy of his being can only find its proper outlet when he has conjured up new worlds around him. He must become the author of new life—his mind must be prolific, self-productive, original, or he sinks from his high estate. He must know, and feel, and exercise the *creative power*, or the deep-seated passion for mental offspring—glowing, intense, burning as his own soul—will make sleep but a waking dream, life but an unreal shadow. More than half the world halt in their career at Activity—contenting them-

selves with mere physical deeds, and pleasures, and glories. Others again plod on so far as Fancy—cull only *exotic* flowers of Imagination. Critics and Scholars Reproduce from the past—brush up old coin : while a few—a very few—reach the landmarks of Genius, and become themselves *Creators*. Turn we then to that sphere where man has dared rival his God, and where the magic charm of his “sealed mystery”

“gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.”

Phases of Literature! What are they but counterparts of the phases in our physical nature? What mean they but shifting scenes in the realm of Beauty and of Reason? What do they denote but different *species* in the Life Intellectual—distinct races of fairy—spiritual—disembodied Thoughts, that “Ariel”-like do man’s bidding, and weave his destiny? They certify only the existence of ideas—abstract ideas—those active, incessant, ever-moving *beings*, that serve, like the Elves—the Oberons—the Titanias of old, to connect Heaven and Earth. They are, in fine, but the shadows of a shade, whose dimness only shows that light was and is, without betraying its intensity. Separate then the Intellectual—the Creative—from the Physical Life, and we have far higher ground from which to view Literature. We stand apart and may scrutinize closely the “inner life” of the world, and of man, aside from the matter that encases it.

Those who have most busied themselves in digesting what other men have thought out, would restrict man’s *creative powers*, as referred to its largest development, to the range of the Fine Arts. They would have the painting, the statue, the distich, embody the highest forms of created thought. They would deny to the author of new systems—to the founder of new dynasties—to the prophets of a new religion, that conceptive power by which life—intellectual—life clothed in the garb of thought—is generated. Carlyle, however, in his usual quaint manner, has shown that the same soul of “Heroism” animates the demigod—the prophet—the poet—the priest—the king—that the same “inner life” characterized an Odin—a Mahomet—a Shakspeare—a Luther—a Napoleon, and that it is impossible to conceive of a *great* mind laboring in any one calling, and diffusing light and life upon all around—which would not have been equally conspicuous, had it chanced to have been directed elsewhere. This is the light in which we would view it. We will then first cursorily glance at this Creative Power, in connection with the Fine Arts—noting more closely its bearing with respect to Letters. Afterwards it will not be amiss to examine whether this limitation may, or may not, be strictly true; as also, whether Philosophy does not afford a proper sphere in which to exercise the creative art.

The intimate and fervent sympathy between Mind and Matter—between the soul which shadows forth, and the plastic material which receives the impression—is the origin of all the pleasure that we derive from the creations of Art, or of Nature. We recognize the ex-

pression of kindred life in all that moves or excites us. Nature with her blooming rose—her smiling landscape—her hills—her vales—her moss-covered tree, and silver stream, chimes in with our own Phantasma of Beauty. They are but varied manifestations of that all-pervading life-principle which binds together the world and man. At least so thought Byron, as he wrought that gem of passionate imagery—

"From the high host
Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain coast,
All is concentr'd in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defence."

We gaze upon the delicately-traced carving of a Corinthian column—we behold the gracefully-moulded proportions of Grecian art—and our love yearns for the silent, yet voiceful being of beauty enshrined within. We wander over the broad flag-stones, and stand beneath the lofty arches or swelling dome of a Gothic Cathedral, and we feel that the *spirit of vastness*—of immense solitude—is hovering around us—a spirit which we may worship but dare not embrace. Who, then, shall say that there is no life *there*? Every flower of the field lisps forth *its* Creator's name, and why may not every object of art—every embodied conception of man—hallow his memory, and reflect back the undying soul of its Architect? It may—it can—it *must*; the soul warms not towards that which is lifeless, nor holds communion with the dead; and that Gothic pile, even in ruins, still bodies forth the *mind* which conceived it, chained though it be, like Prometheus of old, to the time-worn rock. The Grecian Phydias, as he labored over the unhewn mass, must have infused into the Olympian Jove, not merely a thought, or an idea, but the more aspiring and commanding portion of his own soul; and the beholder, as he dwells upon it communes not with the polished stone, but *through* the *living* marble with the soul of Phydias. The sympathy that would otherwise slumber within us warms toward a congenial spirit, and that spirit is full of life, though entombed.

This, then, may be assigned as the reason that scarce any one of mortals—and certainly no one deserving the name of immortal—ever lived, and moved, and acted, who had not some chosen day-dream lurking within him—some "ideal creation," to give form and animation to which seemed the object of his existence. Every one must have felt this; and every one, were their hearts bared, would evince this. We are also aware that all things that border upon this *mental conception*—this Phantasma—either in Nature or in Art—either in Mind or in Matter, exert through this means a claim upon our sympathy; we cherish them—we associate them—we brood over them—and those who succeed in embodying them, become *immortal*. Burns has touched this thought—touched it with the wand of his genius, and bodied as follows:

"E'en then a wish, I mind its power—
 A wish that to my latest hour,
 Shall strongly heave my breast;
 That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
 Some useful plan or book could make,
 Or sing a sang at least."

It is nothing remarkable then, that all really great men have been of a moody and somewhat brooding temperament, and that their *creations* have for the most part proved merely counterparts of their own secret aspirations—shadows of their own souls.

To this tie of kindred life which pervades all things—the marble statue as well as the blooming rose—and which binds together with its secret, yet strong influence, the entire Universe—to this sympathy which generates that universal brotherhood, so conspicuous in all things that delight or affect us, must we, therefore, attribute all the pleasure which we derive from the creations of thought, as shown forth in the Fine Arts. It is the intellectual life-principle that gives effect to each of them, to Painting—to Sculpture—to Architecture—as also to Music and to Poetry.

This brings us to the second phase of the Creative Art, and to the one upon which we proposed to dwell more at large,—to wit: the Creations of Literature. In these, as in those of the Arts, the same remarkable feature of thought made life-like, is observable. It may indeed be said, that the power of Creation—the power of investing ideas with an active and an *efficient* being,—commands high respect whenever and wherever exerted; yet, although this be true, still do we involuntarily yield to that power, when employed in this sphere, an admiration and a sympathy which it cannot elsewhere extort from us. As Literature, too, is grander in its ends, and more diversified in its means of bodying forth thought, than either of the Fine Arts; so also is its generating power more comprehensive and more *intense*. It does not merely animate a single thought, or a single range of thought, but gives life and form to the Ideal of a whole people. It does not manifest necessarily the hidden yearnings of any one man, or any set of men; but it bodies forth clearly and palpably the "Hero Worship" of a nation.

But Literature is not wholly creative. It embraces *three* different departments, corresponding to those three distinct phases in man's *progress*—Fancy—Reproduction—Creation—and thus affords ground which the Neophyte and the Critic may cultivate equally with the great Architect of thought. Its *creations* are confined principally within the range of Poetry and Romance, and it is to the development of the creative art—the only proper criterion by which to test phases of literature—as exhibited in these two separate provinces, that we shall at present confine attention. Exceptions to this general division, such as are implied in the analogy between Invention and Creation, or the formation of a *mental* and a *moral* system, may, and doubtless will occur, but these it will be more proper to consider afterwards.

As Poetry is the highest sphere in which man's genius may unfold itself, it is Poetry that will first present itself. One who has every right to be heard upon such a subject has remarked that nothing should ever be transmuted into Poetry which can be written in prose. This would imply that there are certain creations of the mind that cannot be incorporated otherwise than in verse, and such we find to be the fact. No one could ever conceive of a Cordelia, a Romeo, a Juliet, or a Caliban, divested of their present poetic livery and developing their characters in the set terms and every-day phrases of ordinary conversation. They are beings more than mortal, and in order that they may *speak* and *live* they require a language and an atmosphere entirely different from that allotted to mortals. Here lies the true province of Poetry; this is an end, and the only proper end that it subserves; but how, or by what subtle means it accomplishes this end, we can only *feel* and *realize*, not describe. To the higher regions of Poetry, therefore, must we look for the more sublime creations of the mind, as also for those ethereal beings that move and breathe as though they were the genii of a purer realm. Its creations however, do not all embody the same life—principle; but as there are two distinct phases of life in Nature, the animal and vegetable or the *physical*—and the *intellectual*, so its creations are of two kinds—the one descriptive and scenic, or *aggregative*—the other a *scintillation*. It is far more difficult to *etherealise* a conception than to *embody* it; for in the former case it is the spirit alone that acts, and it must therefore act spiritually; but in the latter an array of circumstances, a conflict of passions, or an appeal to sensible properties, may all serve to enhance its influence. This properly constitutes the difference between the mere Amateur in Poetry and the Master of his art; for while the one gives us Nature, decked it may be in refulgent colors, and made beautiful by ever-changing hues, to the other alone is it permitted to *scintillate* a being of pure intellect and passion—a spirit void and incorporeal, yet still moving and acting—a mind and a soul holy and ethereal—beautiful yet intangible—terrible yet formless. Byron's Egeria, Shakspeare's Ariel, and Milton's Satan, may be adduced as instances of this power of the Mind to *create without embodying*, and most assuredly this is the highest triumph of Nature, of Art, of Intellect, or of Genius. Of such a character, also, is "Festus"—it being an attempt to *incarnate* the Ideal of "human nature," and to show it forth divested of

"The matter and the things of clay,"

and although we cannot join in the bilious censure so lavishly poured forth against it, yet must we admit that the *execution* has scarcely been as happy and as successful as the *greatness* of the conception deserved. Of Descriptive Poetry, as also of that kind which, while it fashions forth Physical Life, imbues it at the same time with a certain share of intellectuality, it will be sufficient to say, that although its creations evince both the power and the originality of the mind, yet are they inferior to those which, while they lack the media of form

and of physical attributes, are still able to awaken our sympathy. Indeed, it would be a curious subject for philosophical inquiry to trace out the chain of association by which we are insensibly influenced, not only in our views and feelings, but also in our *actions*, by these ideal, and even by the more material, creations of the mind. Upon what *principle* of sympathy do we thus, as it were, hold communion with them, and appeal to their actions as a part of the world's experience? Whence arises the dominant power with which these creatures of "airy nothing"—these creations of a prolific and a glowing fancy, bend and sway men of a real and an actual existence? The imaginary "Falstaff" has in fact exerted more influence—both direct and indirect—upon the minds and manners of men since the day of his creation, than did ever his princely associate, the Fifth Henry, who lives in History as well as in Fiction. The dark, mysterious, yet all powerful "Arbaces" has consigned to the labyrinths of a mazy and dreamy philosophy numbers whom even Lord Bacon could not reclaim; and the world is most probably far more indebted for its *intellectual villains* to an Iago than to a Machiavelli. It is in reality this very influence possessed by ideal characters—an influence too which may well excite the envy of nine tenths of mankind—that lends to them their charms; and it is the chief source of consolation and of *triumph* to a creating and a generating Mind, that it will leave behind it an intellectual progeny, who, long, long after that mind itself shall have been disenthralled and shall have passed away, will still beguile the world with the sweet eloquence of their persuasion, or will make it to thrill and be glad with passion or with merriment.

Thus far we have spoken of the *Creations* of Poetry; we come now to the Creator—to the Poet himself. We have also hitherto used the terms creative art and creative power, in the same sense; whereas the art applies more suitably to the Poetry, the power to the Poet—to the Man. This distinction it will be well to keep in mind, in order to avoid the confusion that must necessarily arise if we consider them both as artificial; for the power may be innate, although the exercise of that power constitutes an Art. That there is or can be any *acquired* state of the Mind invested exclusively with the creative power, we do not believe, but would rather consider it as a direct gift of Nature, embracing all the mental faculties and merging them into itself, without being attributable to any one of them. Thus Imagination is embraced in Creation, although by no means synonymous with it, for whilst Imagination is merely *conceptive*, Creation must embody or etherealize, as well as conceive. So likewise of Judgment, of Fancy, of Reproduction, of Memory; they are all included within it, though none of them include it, and there is probably as much difficulty in determining the means by which we infuse *life* into Thought, as in discovering how life is infused into ourselves. Still there is one method that we do possess, by which we may detect a very broad distinction between men of Genius and men of Learning, and by which we may draw a line of demarcation between those who *create* and those who *simply reproduce*. It consists in *examining their produc-*

tions themselves, with an eye to the different lights in which they view Truth. The one considers it as an end, the other as a means; the one pursues it as an object, the other uses it as an instrument; the one traces it out by antagonism, the other seizes upon it intuitively, and embodies it. The Critic or the man of learning may be called the Undertaker, the man of genius the High Priest of Nature. The one deals in *discrepancies*, the other in *analogies*; the one discovers *contrasts*, the other *resemblances*; the one may be *witty*, but the other alone can be *eloquent*. This is the real and the broad difference, and a difference that cannot be overcome by human effort; for although the critic may dazzle with contrasts and please with his quaintness, his conceits, his "*vibrantes sententiæ*," or his accumulated lore, yet to the man of genius has it ever been reserved—to the man of exalted and *creating* genius—to trace up the grand truth of the Harmony of the Universe, and to merge every discordant note into the all-pervading Music of Nature.

The great Poet—the first of Creators—is undoubtedly the greatest, at the same time that he is the most complicated and mystic, of all creations. To conceive *vividly* of a Mind always strained to its utmost tension, yet still expanding and enlarging—isolated apparently by its very height, yet still sympathetic with every phase of Life—created, yet creating—knowing all things, feeling all things, and peopling a world with its ethereal and fancied beings—to conceive of such a Mind requires in itself no tame or fettered imagination; what then must be the compass, or rather the *infinitude* of that Mind which requires such an intense gaze to comprehend it! So grand, so mysterious, so sublime, but withal so contradictory is it in its very nature, that it seems a perfect paradox. And yet it is not a paradox; it is the noblest of all created Truths—true to itself, to its action, to its destiny. The workings of a great, great Mind are indeed "a wonder and a mystery." Exhaustless as the deep sea, when it floods wave upon wave, we see it casting forth gems unnumbered, and yet the last seems ever to surpass the first in brilliancy. If ought could increase our wonder, it would be to contemplate the frail, miserable tenements in which this grand Life-principle is so often lodged; to see the drooping and exhausted frame tottering beneath its own weight, and yet nourishing within such liquid lightnings of the soul; to see the uncongenial temperament—the cautious—the isolated—the suspicious being—fostering no sensibilities save his own, and yet intrusted with such a Heritage of Glory. This is the true mystery, and a mystery which as often calls forth our contempt for his apparent littleness—as it engenders reverence for his greatness. Bulwer has perhaps given the only intelligible solution to this manifest complexity—to this conflict of two natures, visible in the Poet's character. "He (the Poet) usually has two characters—the one belonging to his imagination, the other to his experience. From the one come all his higher embodiments; by the help of the one he elevates, he refines; from the other come his beings 'of the earth—earthy,' and his aphorisms of worldly caution." This we say explains the fact that intellectually a great

Poet is eminently *selfish*, while physically he is *sympathetic*—that while all the varied forms of animated nature find a responsive chord in his heart, yet in the “inner life” he is moody, distant, isolated, solitary, *wrapt in self*. Indeed it could not be otherwise; his *receptive* nature must be open—his *conceptive* must be grasping. In his intellectual relations he must merge every passion and feeling and emotion and existence into his own being. In his creations he must pour forth his whole soul, and that soul, that it may be impressive and effective, must, like the burning lava of Vesuvius, *liquidate* all that touches it. If the Poet lack this precious alchemy of the soul, his creations will be devoid of that *moving* life which should animate them, and will no longer stir “the inner depths.” Such a Poet do we conceive Pope to have been, but of such a character was *not* Byron. Indeed, these two, although in their *passive* states they were very similar, and almost present a parallel; yet in their *active* natures they were entirely unlike. Both, it is true, were deeply conscious of all that touched upon self, and drank in with rapture the eloquence of all that was beautiful or thoughtful. Both, it is true, were morbidly sensitive—were gloomy in their misanthropy, and brooded over their own unutterable thoughts, like the Spirits of Old Earth hovering over the formless Chaos. But in their *creative energies* they were greatly dissimilar, and while we detect in the productions of Pope, Life—contemplative and passive—in those of Byron it is intense, active, and impassioned. The one seems to have based his verse upon Statuary, and has left us the calm, smooth, marble features of a “Psyche,” or the motionless though beauteous and life-like form of the “Diana” of Praxitiles. The other has copied, as it were, Painting, and we behold in each stanza its refulgent and glittering colors—the features *warmed* into life—the passionate gesture and the form rounded into loveliness, glowing with excitement, and seemingly ready to start from the canvas.

The second branch of the Creative Art, as seen in Literature, embraces the creations of Prose, or, more generally, those of the Author. Romance or Fiction is so nearly akin to Poetry in its *subject matter*, that it is difficult to distinguish them; and yet a distinction may be detected in the different kinds of Life they generate. Poetry, as before stated, produces an ideal life—one of imaginary and perfect excellency; Romance, on the other hand, images an approximation to an actual, a real life. The one may shadow forth spiritual existences—may weave a mystic web of the “true Beautiful”—may vision a “Urania.” The other never can; its creations must be better adapted to common life, and this is perhaps the reason why this sphere is more consonant with general feeling than is Poetry. Readers feel more at ease in the presence of its creations, than when face to face with the higher spirits of imagination; it requires less effort to follow them, to comprehend them, to *woo* them, and we venture to say that hundreds are *familiar* with the “Vicar of Wakefield”—with “Olivia”—with “Tom Jones” or “Squire Western,” who have scarcely given to the creations of Shakspeare a glance more scrutinizing than that which “Partridge” bestowed upon the ghost. There is too a sociability about

the former, that we do not meet with in the latter, and this it is which endears them to us. It is in this as in Music; the gifted few can alone relish the higher-wrought strains and more elaborate compositions, yet every one may enjoy the simpler melodies. But Romance has another claim to sympathy, which consists in the fact that devoid of it life would lose half its zest; nor would it longer be *progressive*. Few have ever thrilled half so much at the occurrences of actual life, as at those invented by fiction, and even the school-boy may oftentimes be seen escaping from the noisy din of his companions to muse over his thumb-worn story-book, and there learn

"The wild tumultuous passions of the soul—
The playful gladness of unfettered joys."

Wonderful indeed must then be this Art, which can thus tempt the idle truant to knowledge, and we can readily believe that the author whose mind is teeming with unborn conceptions should be, to use his own phrase, "never less alone than when alone." He has within himself a perennial fount from which a *life-stream* is ever gushing, and, like Milton, though outwardly blind, he may look within his own soul and see *there* an Eden. Bulwer, wandering amid the ruins of Pompeii—ruins which had been entombed for centuries—found a half-decayed and brainless skull. It was lifeless and thoughtless; and yet out of that skull he formed the Egyptian High Priest—"the Hermes lord of the Burning Belt"—who has poured forth more dark and weird philosophy, more soul-startling thought, more bewildering sophistry, than did ever a living disciple of the "Theurgic Mystery."

A distinction has been instituted by Criticism between the creations of the Novelist proper and those of the Romance writer—the former verging more upon actual life than even the latter. Under the shadow of this distinction, also, and with an eye to degrade him, it has been asserted that Sir Walter Scott—"the Great Magician" himself—was nothing more than a Romance writer. If the view which we have taken of the Creative Art be correct, the distinction will *elevate* him, and prove that his creations rather approach Poetry than recede towards Criticism. But cavils and quibbles can infringe nought upon his fame, and it suggests thoughts as rife with interest as with wonder to gaze even for a moment upon the "habitations he has erected amongst men"—upon the world he has re-peopled like a second Cadmus. There stands the "Baron of Bradwardine"—the beautiful and high-spirited "Flora McIvor"—"Evan Dhu," constant in death—"Waverly," desultory in studies, in life, in every thing—the wily pedlar "Donald Bean," and "Davie Gellatly" turning his rhymes with ceaseless volubility. Then too we see "Balfour," with his sword and Bible—the gigantic "Bothwell"—"Claverhouse," "Macbrier," and "Mucklewrath"—the inflexible "Morton"—"Edith" and her stately Aunt, and that *living* monument, "Old Mortality." And again, "Jenny Deans"—"Butler" and "Dumbdikes," the *silent* oracle—"Madge Wildfire," "Stanton," "Porteous," swinging in the cold winds of "Auld Reekie"—"Bertram," "Colonel Mannering," the incomparable "Play-

dell"—"Dominie Sampson" and "Julia," "Dirk Hatterick," "Dandy Dimmont" and "Meg Merriles"—"Rob Roy," "Balie Nichol Jarvie," "Andrew Fairservice"—"Die Vernon," the beautiful and dauntless—the fiendlike "Rashleigh," and the quiet, easy "Justice Inglewood." In another scene we behold "Mr. Oldbuck," the antiquary—"Dousterswivel"—"Edie Ochiltree"—"Sir Arthur Wardour" and the young and gallant "Lovel." Again we turn and the stately oaks of Cumnor Hall wave above our heads; we stand upon "the green knoll" and see the gorgeous train of Elizabeth, with its peers and princes sweeping on to the strong-hold of her vassal and lover; within we meet that faded flower, "Amy Robarts," vainly pleading the pity of the haughty "Leicester," while her sweet woe is insulted by the detestable "Varney," and the mischief-loving "Flibbertigibbet." There stand the "Peverils," the wiley "Christian," the proud, yet fickle "Buckingham"—"Alice Bridgenorth" and "Bridgenorth" himself, that stern fanatic and pilgrim. In another we meet with the gallant "Montrose," with "Argyle," "Menteith"—"The Children of the Mist"—"Dalgetty" and his favored "Gustavus"—"Allan of the Red Hand" and "Ammot Lyle." Again we are in the presence of the "Crusaders"—"Ivanhoe," and "Richard," the "Solden" and the "Scottish Knight," "Bois Guilbert" and the beauteous vision, "Rebecca," are before us. Shift the scene and we see the bold "Duke of Burgundy," "Quentin Durward," "Lewis," the politic—"Anne of Geierstein," the "Swiss," "Count Albert," and the peerless, indomitable "Margarett." What a host of beings are thus summoned up by the Magician! What a stream of life is poured forth on every page—suffused over every leaf—and yet what countless numbers are still unnamed! What genius! What depth of conception! What masterly portraiture is stamped upon every feature! This surely is to be an Author—to be a Creator.

A question that presents itself in connection with the Creative Art is, whether Philosophy, Logic, and the Exact Sciences afford any scope for its exercise. We incline to think that they do, and the apparent inconsistency in the thought seems to arise from a false limitation of their ends to *discovery* and *invention*, thereby opposing them to *creation*. Philosophy, in its general aim, is certainly directed towards the discovery of truths—those "inner facts" of the Universe, yet the *deduction* of truth from truth, of theory from theory, until an entire system is built up as it were—in other words the abstract and immaterial portion of philosophy resembles not a little the development of trait after trait in a character by the author, and may fairly claim to be ranked as Creative. Invention as applied to Philosophy being wholly mechanical, indicates "a certain means to accomplish a certain end," and so far as that *end* is concerned certainly excludes the idea of creation, in the sense in which we have hitherto used it; but in the theoretical portion of Philosophy the end is unknown—the thought is expended in fashioning the *means*—in *creating the system*—which system afterwards *may*, though it will not necessarily, evolve Truth. It is to these systems, which thought thus generates, that we would apply the name Creations of Philosophy. Indeed it is not too much to say, that Lord

Chancellor Bacon infused as much *life* into the confused and inanimate mass of Philosophy, as did Scott into the decayed fabric of "Feudal Grandeur," and that the "Novum Organum" is as justly entitled to be called a *Creation*, as is the romance of "Ivanhoe." The same holds true in Logic; the author of new systems of thought as much deserves the name as the author of new vehicles of thought, and he who by close analogical investigation should establish the *absolute* relation of moral qualities and moral actions, and from thence should frame a system of *demonstration* as applicable to morals as to mathematics, would certainly be a Creator in every sense of the word. The creations of Science are more difficult to be discerned. It is perhaps scarce possible, at the first glance, to detect any evidences of creation in Newton's theory of universal gravitation, and almost every one would persist in calling it a Discovery. But Newton did not *discover* it. It was the slow, laborious march of Thought—moving step by step, inch by inch, clearing each obstacle from its path, and feeling its way, until finally, it unconsciously reached the grand Truth. The fact was known before the days of Pythagoras, and it is not at the *fact* that we wonder; it is at the depth of thought that could compass it—at the *creative power* that could body forth a system embracing such a fact; and Newton, although he deserves not the name of a Discoverer, has a yet higher title to our regard in that of a Creator.

We have thus glanced at the phases of the Creative Art, manifested in Poetry, Romance, Philosophy, Science, Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. We have shown also that the same stamp of "thought made visible" is characteristic of them all, and inspires them with that Life-principle without which they can neither charm nor move us. It is in generating *that life* that the author rises above his fellow-man and becomes the Prophet of coming time; for it is by his hands that the Future is and must be moulded. His position is high—his destiny a great one, and it becomes him, in view of the influence he wields, to take heed that he be the true priest, and not the idolater of strange gods. In reference to the *feelings* of Authorship, it can only be said that it breeds cares as well as joys. The choice creations of a "Michael Angelo" speak nought but loveliness and beauty; yet did they also embody the toils and the griefs—the mental agonies—the strife between hope and despair, and the heart-sick fears experienced by the Artist as he labored on, they would be any thing but pleasing to our view. Until Art's first great victory be won, "the still small voice" within him strives with *fear* and *trembling* to claim affiliation with the Great Source of Being. But, on the other hand, when once he has triumphed,

"And forth the high majestic stranger, Thought,
Bright from the startled brain a Pallas goes,"

it is then that his toil becomes one of love—of passion—and he knows and feels that there is no joy earth can give equal to the Enthusiasm of the Soul, as it labors to Create.

LIFE—DEATH.

"Dust thou art—to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the *Soul*."

NATURE is glorious, and the works of Art
Are mute, yet voiceful—eloquent with power ;
And thoughts unuttered fill the human heart,
From their sweet presence, e'en in passion's hour.
There is a glory in the boundless heaven,
Its azure dome and vaulted canopy ;
Where shapes of beauty to the eye are given,
And clouds on outspread wings go sailing by.

There is a grandeur on the Ocean wide,
Whose cold, gray waters break upon the shore ;
There ages pass above the rolling tide,
Yet still ascends its deep and solemn roar.
And there is glory in the waving tree,
That murmurs softly to the lisp'ing air,
While every breeze doth catch its melody,
And hear its voice in low and whispered prayer.

Thus beautiful are Nature's scenes ; but they
Ere long shall hide themselves in gath'ring gloom,
And rushing swift to ruin and decay,
Shall pass in silence to their final doom.
They will not find a resurrection morn,
When once they perish and forgotten lie,
Nor yet again to life shall they be born,
Nor rise renewed like *that* which cannot die.

And thus must *Matter* ever turn to dust ;
Be lost and buried in the grave of years ;
And on its Night no dawn shall ever burst,
Or Memory o'er its tomb shed gentle tears.
O, Death ! a dread and awful One art thou,
Pale King ! that smitest on the beating breast !
With thy cold hand thou chillest the fevered brow,
And layest Man with all his cares to rest.

But in the *Soul* there glows a flame divine,
Kindled from Heaven's own ever-living fire ;
Brighter in radiance destined still to shine,
Never to cease, but upward to aspire.
There shall it shine, though ages hurry by
And dimly glide far down the lapse of years ;
And though each star should shut its burning eye,
Still lives the *Soul*, with all its hopes and fears.

The Mind is monarch, it is lord of all,
 O'er time and space and matter it presides ;
 And though the universe in ruins fall,
 Itself forever rules, forever guides.
 Such then is man ! O, Being, dost thou know
 Thyself, thy aims, thy hopes, thy destiny ?
 And ever upward do thy wishes flow,
 To live not here, to live a spirit free ?

Thine is a home beyond the rolling spheres,
 Thine is a world where nought save joy can come,
 Thine is a Heaven unknown to grief or tears,
 'Tis thine the universe of God to roam.
 Then as the Eagle, when he mounts the sky,
 Behold with steady gaze the risen sun,
 So take thy flight—unblenching be thine eye ;
 So shall the *immortal* prize at last be won.

W. S. G.

THE PICKLED GHOST;

OR,

CHRISTMAS EVE.

It was years and years ago—for though Christmas comes but once a year, it has come and gone full fourscore times since then—that one Christmas eve, four jolly fellows—Bob, Ned, Sam, and Jack they called each other, though that does not matter much—sat round a blazing hickory fire, in one of the back rooms of the topmost story of what is now “Old South Middle.” Out doors the white and level snow lay all crisp with cold, and the stars and moon shone through the thin air upon its shining surface, making every thing almost as clear to see as if it had been the light of the morning sun ; and the wind, which was a regular jolly, good-natured Christmas wind, and not a damp, spiteful, chilly November blast, went whistling through the tops of the leafless trees in a jovial, roystering sort of a way, as if it had on stout boots and mittens, and didn't care a fig for the weather, but was out for any kind of a frolic that might be started up between then and sunrise of the next day.

Such ideas, or, some very much like them, passed through the head of one of these fellows, as he stood for a moment looking out of the window ; and then turning thoughtfully away, musing perhaps on the vanity of human life, he walked up to a large stone pitcher which stood upon the table, sending forth a huge cloud of steam and a savory smell of fresh lemons, held an earthen mug under its lip, and gently tilting it

upon one side, poured out a mugfull of the steaming liquid. Having performed this feat and set the pitcher upright on the table, he began to blow very hard and very horizontally across the mouth of the earthen mug, evidently of the opinion that if he could only cool about a quarter of an inch on the top, he would be satisfied with that, even if the rest was somewhat hot. At length, after two or three very small sips and very loud smacks, which might be interpreted to mean that whatever it was, it was uncommonly hot and uncommonly good, he shut his eyes with an air of great resignation, and holding his breath very tight, turned about half the contents of the cup down his throat.

"Well, Bob, how does it go?" said Jack, who had been watching the whole process with a great deal of interest.

"Go?—it goes right to the spot," was the brief but comprehensive answer.

All hands—if it is proper to call folks hands, and I suppose it is, or everybody wouldn't do it—being thus satisfied that if the fragrant compound was once started on its way there would be no danger of its getting out of the road and failing to find "the spot" at last, proceeded at once to start a considerable portion of it off in great haste, with implied directions to go to that particular place.

Having bid a hasty adieu to about one half the contents of the pitcher, "Now, boys," said Bob, who was the host of the party, "let's wait for the rest of it to get *hot*, and amuse ourselves in a little more substantial manner." Whereupon he locked the door, and having shook it to see if it was all right, all four went hard at work to clear the table of its contents.

The big pitcher was carefully deposited in the corner by the fire, the four tallow candles and the inkstand were put upon the shelf; the checkerboard was laid in a chair, on top of that was placed a Dictionary, which was in turn surmounted by a Bible, that again by a Grammar, and so on gradually growing smaller, till very soon the table was clean and clear. Then there was a dive into the bottom of a trunk, and a white cotton sheet was brought forth and invested with the full powers of a table-cloth in a little more than no time, Bob, who was something of a wag, expressing his regrets that it wasn't flannel, as he thought the things might lie warmer.

Then there was a large wooden box—and *such* a box it was too—a regular Christmas box, as Ned remarked, for when they opened the lid there was a chicken, and then a turkey, and then a mince-pie, and then another chicken, and then another mince-pie, and then a cake, and then—there being nothing more, the box was shut up and turned on end and made into a chair—from which, with folded arms and a satisfied look, as if he had just relieved his conscience of a great weight, by getting those things out of the box, Master Ned, who was a queer, quiet kind of a fellow, surveyed the things as they lay upon the table.

Four sheets of writing-paper were next distributed where four plates would have been, if they had possessed them—one small piece answering for a salt dish, and a sand-box being drafted into service as a pepper-caster. A sharpened hickory stick was next inserted in the

turkey's stomach, and a huge jack-knife soon made as small pieces of him as the most fastidious turkey could possibly desire.

"Now, boys," said Bob, "freeze on," and at it they went; but as people who have not enjoyed the advantages of a College education and commons board are not prepared to appreciate their feelings, I will not attempt to describe them.

For the first ten or fifteen minutes the conversation was extremely limited, both in subject and amount, being confined mostly to polite, but rather hasty, requests for pepper and salt, crackers and turkey, chicken, and pie.

At length, these things began to occupy less of their attention, and in truth they might well do so, for there was very considerably less of them to occupy it than when they first began, and having one after another pushed away from the table, and all finally agreeing that they couldn't hold a particle more under any circumstances whatever, they proceeded to demonstrate the proposition by another draft on the stone jug, which was duly honored and accepted. And then the table was cleared off by the somewhat summary process of taking the cloth by its four corners together and laying it quietly in the corner of the room. Four pipes were then produced, and four mouths were soon sending forth four very respectable columns of smoke.

"Now," says Tom, "a story or a song all round, and I'll begin with a song." Wheresupon taking three or four sharp whiffs from his pipe, and looking very grave, he sang in a solemn voice—

"By a churchyard cold dwelt a woman old,
A woman old and thin;
Her body was nought but rattling bones,
And her clothes were shriveled skin.

"She spake to none; nor man nor child
Durst near her dwelling go.
Her face was wrapped in a milk-white shroud,
And her feet were swathed in tow.

"One night when the wind shrieked dismally,
And the moon looked through a cloud,
A white cat sat on her chimney top,
And howled and cried aloud.

"With a silver ball and a charmed gun
They shot her through the brain,
And the woman old by the churchyard cold,
Was never seen again."

"Well, Tom," said Bob, "the old lady's taste in dress was rather peculiar, wasn't it, though? but do you believe in witches and ghosts, and all that sort of thing?"

"Psha! no," said Ned, "who does?"

"I don't know about that, though," said Tom, shaking his head.

"I've heard my grandmother say that there was a strange kind of a woman that lived at her grandfather's once, and everybody thought that she was a witch. Nothing ever went right where she was. Cows gave bloody milk; pigs squealed; hens laid eggs with double yolks; cattle died in the field, and it was said that once some eels which she was frying jumped right out of the pan, but whether they ran any distance afterwards I can't say. Well, one day the butter wouldn't come. They warmed it and cooled it, and tried every sort of way, but all wouldn't do. At length my great grandfather, who understood witches' ways pretty well they say, heated a long shovel-handle red-hot, and coming up softly behind the girl, who was churning, thrust it suddenly the whole length into the cream. She screamed outright, and always after that she wore her sleeves down, till one day by accident somebody saw one of her arms; and there was a long red streak, just the mark of the shovel, where it burnt her arm"——

"Which goes to prove," interrupted Bob, "that she had a hand in it."

"For though," continued Tom, "she told some kind of a story about its being done when she was a little girl, nobody believed it, but everybody knew that it must have been the hot shovel."

After this mysterious tale, everybody looked thoughtful for a while, as if they were drawing their own private conclusions from the facts; till at length Bob gave signs of returning animation, by rather an impatient stretch of his legs, as if he were kicking the subject of his reflection down the stairs of his mind, and said, "Come, Jack, suppose you give us something in a little more lively key:" which Jack readily agreed to do, provided the rest would fall in on the chorus; whereupon he sung the song of the celebrated nine tailors that made a man; all four agreeing with him at the end of every two lines, as to the precise manner in which

"The proud Tailor went prancing away."

And Bob, who didn't profess to be much of a musician, being accused by Tom of not making a chord, indignantly repelled the charge, by reference to the Treasurer's standard, maintaining that it was much nearer a cord than the last load of wood which that gentleman sent him.

And then Jack suddenly discovered that it was a great deal later than he had any idea of; and when he told, none of them would believe him till they had examined the clock for themselves, and then they all wondered where the evening had gone to, and began to look for coats and mittens, and to discuss the probability of the Monitor's sleeping over next morning. And Bob declared that there was no use of being in such a hurry, for the evening had only just begun yet; and then the old pitcher was brought forward and drained entirely dry. So they all went away, and Bob was left alone.

Bob sat by the fire, with his hands on his knees, all alone. The candles had burnt out, one by one, till the last one flickered dimly in the socket, but he did not feel exactly like going to bed, and so he had sat down over the fire to reflect. He thought of the good sub-

stantial Christmas supper he had just enjoyed, and was contrasting it with the fare of common's hall, rather to the disadvantage of the latter, and dwelling occasionally upon the scar of the shovel-handle on the old woman's arm, when he was aroused from his reverie by a low tap at the door. He turned towards the quarter from whence the sound came, to assure himself that it was a sound, and not a fancy merely, and there stood, about half-way between him and the door, a figure of a boy, about fourteen or fifteen years old, in appearance, but very tall of his age. Bob thought he had locked the door—but there was the boy for all that. He was meanly clad, and the few clothes he had on seemed to shrink away as if ashamed of themselves, and clung tight to his meagre form; his face was of a chalky-white, and very, very thin, and as he advanced towards the fire and the light of the candle shone across the edge of his sharp nose, it seemed quite transparent, and the blue veins stood out as if in relief.

Bob had a vague suspicion that all was not right, and took a second look at his face to see if he could recognize any of his companions in disguise; but there were no features there that he knew, and this time he saw a frozen drop upon his eyebrows, and noticed that he seemed to shiver all over.

"Sit down," said Bob, pushing a chair toward the fire with his foot, "you look cold."

"I am cold—ugh," said the boy, with another shiver, "and very wet."

"Bless me! so you are," said Bob; "where have you been?"

"In the barrel," said the boy; and each time he spoke it was such weak, thin, diluted voice, it seemed as if it came from just outside his mouth, and hadn't been inside at all.

"In the barrel, eh? that was a go," said Bob, who instantly recollected a barrel which stood under the eaves of the College, but happened to forget that it had been frozen up for a week. Just then Bob accidentally cast a glance along down the boy's body—and, *whew!*—there right plain through his middle as ever he saw any thing in his life, he counted every upright post of the chair-back in which the damp youth sat.

"Who in Heaven's name are you?" said Bob, jumping up in some little alarm at this unexpected transparency; and just then, from sympathy, or some other cause, he felt a sharp pain in the same region of his own body; so extremely keen was it that he could hardly forego the luxury of a groan, and almost envied his visitor the absence of this region, which was so inconveniently troublesome.

"Sit down, and I will tell you," said the boy, as he leaned forward and held his skinny hand to the fire.

Bob was no coward, and the request was such a reasonable one, and made in such a reasonable kind of a way, that, although it must be confessed he didn't feel quite comfortable, he immediately complied, taking care, however, to set his chair on quite the farther side of the fire-place, and taking a hasty observation, with one eye, of the rela-

tive position of himself and the tongs, so that they might be handy in case of accident.

"I am," said the boy,—and as he spoke he leaned back and gave Bob another view of the slats, which was accompanied, as before, by an awful twinge, which reminded him that he labored under no such deficiency,—“I am,” said he, turning full upon Bob, “THE PICKLED GHOST.”

“Ah, indeed!” said Bob, as if he had often heard of that distinguished individual, and was pleased to make his acquaintance.

“Seven years ago I roomed in this room where we are now. I was a Fresh-Sophomore then, and a waiter in the commons’ hall. The night before Christmas—seven years ago to-night—I went down into the cellar to get a piece of pork; the brine was deep and the pork was shallow. I had to lean over the edge of a large, deep tub or barrel, and reach down with an iron hook through three or four feet of brine. I lost my balance and fell in.”

“Ugh!” said Bob—for Bob was fond of pork.

“I fell in and was drowned. All winter passed away, and then summer; and when Christmas came again I came back to this room, but the man who roomed here was frightened and ran away. More pork was packed into the old brine, and there I lay. Next Christmas I came again, and nobody was here. Another year went round, summer and winter, and more pork. Once a hook was fastened in my coat, but it tore out, and still I stayed. Every Christmas-eve I have been back to this room, but always with the same luck; sometimes they have been asleep, and wouldn’t wake. One fellow told me that I lied—that was the Steward’s son. No luck—no luck.” And here the Pickled Ghost pressed his thin hands together, and two or three drops trickled down his cheeks.

Bob almost shed tears—from sympathy; but he caught another sight of the slats, and did it quite—from pain.

“I have told my story,” said the Pickled Ghost, “and I must go; but first promise me—promise me on your honor as a man—one thing.”

“I will,” said Bob; “what is it?”

“Promise me as you love life”—

“Say pork,” interrupted Bob, who could not resist the temptation to a joke.

“As you love life,” said the Ghost, taking no notice of the interruption, “and as you hope for a quiet rest in the grave, that you will not rest in peace till you have removed my body from that place: promise me this, and I will trouble these halls no more.”

“I will,” said Bob, “upon my word I will.”

Again another gripe. Bob actually yelled this time, and sprang from his chair. The room was dark, the candle was out, and the moon had gone down, but the stars were shining feebly on the snow, and the last bell was ringing for prayers; the Ghost had gone, but the pain was still there. Bob rubbed his eyes and found his hat, and by the time he was fairly in the chapel he began to think perhaps he had been asleep.

All that day Bob was a thoughtful man ; three jokes before-dinner, four stories and two puns afterward, were all he uttered. At night he told the story to Ned, who laughed outright, placed the palm of his hand on the bottom of his vest, and said "Mince-pie."

Tom was not so easily satisfied, and insisted on a hunt being made for the barrel. Nothing in particular being found, however, Ned's theory of Ghosts was generally supposed to be correct.

STUDENT LIFE IN GERMANY :

OR,

GLEANINGS FROM MY JOURNAL.

"WELL, praised be the man who invented pipes and patience !—when, ye gods, when will our supper come forth ! Tired, parched, famished, with smoking visions of no less smoking viands flitting round, write me down Tantalus number two !"

"Waiter, the bill of fare !" cried a dozen voices.

"Halloo for another calf's head here ! and give me a dish of fried potatoes, an omelet, beer, beer all around !"

"Why, what is this ?" chirped a very small voice belonging to a very large man, as a traveling band of musicians appeared at the entrance of the hall ; "music, so bless me ;" and here the speaker abruptly stopped.

Hardly had the first strains of the bellowing brass resounded through the halls, when as if the whole University had been stationed at the door, both pannels flew wide open, and students of all ages and degrees burst in, and slowly winding their way midst benches and stools, seated themselves promiscuously around the different tables. The clatter of knives and forks, mixed with the hum of conversation, soon became general ; waiters stumbling and bustling about, diligently appeared everywhere when not wanted, nowhere when called for.

Suddenly a voice squeaking and cracking in its efforts to overtop the prevailing din, brought forth after many painful workings, in spasmodic measure, the fact that as our host, who was but newly installed, had not yet placed the seal to his inauguration, he intended so doing that night—beer gratis ! Thereupon the orator waving aloft a till now unobserved and dirty sheet which hung in one corner of the room, disclosed to our wondering eyes a pyramid of some eight or ten casks of beer, hitherto veiled beneath the drapery in question. Every soul sprang to his feet, (may the church excuse me.)—"To the health of our host !" and one loud-deafening yell shook the house to its foundation, and as it died away, the peals of music took up the strain, until every window rattled in its frame. One hundred glasses were replaced empty on the board. Once again a shout resounded along the walls, but the burthen of the cry was this time, "beer ! beer ! beer !" and the

ready waiters like distant echoes answered, "beer!" The barrels spouted out their foaming contents, and one after the other gurgled as its last life's drop oozed out; yet still the cry was "beer! beer! beer!"

"Come, ho my lord Englishman, you do not drink!" yelped a well soaked guzzler from an adjoining table.

"Sir, cold water is"——

"Ha!" interrupted the German, "ha, gentlemen, the Englishman quotes Greek! Why then by Greek shall you be met. Was it not Mr. Plato, John Socrates, Esq., or some other gentleman of Greece who proclaimed all habits vicious and unwholesome, whether bad or good, and therefore prescribed to all sober folks a bout at least once a month. But letting alone mortals, take the gods and demi-gods, who according to rank sipped their nectar by jehns or demijohns. Jupiter himself was fond of a drop, and that of flat nectar; egad, he had never tasted beer, else —— My lord, I pledge you in a half choppin."

The Briton summoned a ghastly smile, gave the expected nod, more Jove-like than jovial, muttered the accustomed word, "drink," and the railer without taking breath half-emptied his glass. The compliment, however, was not to end here, and according to the custom, our man returned a few minutes after the courtesy.

"Drink!" cried the German, bowing.

The islander had almost accomplished his bitter task, and nearly brought his beer down to the half way mark, when he stopped, gasped, and choking, coughed aloud with unremitting energy during five agonizing minutes.

"A forfeit! a forfeit!" cried those around. "Drink it over!"
 "'Αρχὴ ἤκουσεν ἄνθρωπος." "Facilis descensus Averni," etc. etc.

That night, my lord knew not whether 'twas he who went to bed, or his bed which came to him.

"Halloo there, Herdman, fox!" yelled another lusty tippler, and Herdman thus appealed to, arose and emptied the contents of his glass.

"Salan, Rengen, Kraig, fox! fox!" and each one recognized the call, gulping down his measure. "Halt, music, halt! now for a round, keep tune to the airs. Drink or sing! here goes," and the speaker, doffing his cap, slowly arose, and lifting high in air his silver topped bicker, roared out with a voice whose most dulcet note rung like a gong:

"Es geibt gar nichts wie Mädchen,
 Es geibt gar nichts wie Bier,
 Wer leibt nicht alle beiden
 Wird gar nie Cavalier."

Then resuming his seat, the singer pointing to his untouched glass, took a short puff at his pipe, and laughing, continued:

"Und jets hab'ich gesungen
 Und setze mich zu räuchen
 Ich bin nicht mehr gezwungen
 Ein choppin Bier zu saufen."

"Bravo! bravo," was the universal cry as the poor improviser was

brought to an end in a terrific howl, and one hundred wide opened throats joined in a ringing chorus, now drowning, now drowned by the braying of the brazen band. "To the next in turn!" and emerging as if from a new dug grave, a cadaverous, long-faced mortal, drawled forth with lamentable pathos a melancholy, pitiful, dirge swelling, drinking song, which was chorused by a prolonged and nasal "Pro tibi Domine."—Up Krank and work your organ!

"Well, sirs," began the dull shaven headed blue, "well, sirs, though naturally 'audax et fidus,' still I dare not sing, but as Virgil says, 'Labor omnia vincit improbus;' I will also 'sic vos non vobis,' from him the saw 'alia tentenda via'."——. Here a loud hooting cut short the phrase, and though Krank hurled his wisdom manfully about, still it was in vain, and dragged to his seat, he was compelled to drink his forfeit.

"To the next! let's have the crambambuli first, however."

The libations freely used at last began to effect the revelers: now a troop of students try their address at rolling glasses; the brittle crystal swiftly urged forward, skips clinking on the polished surface of the board, then trundling slower on, it drags towards the table's brink, rolls, wavers, balances, then seemingly stops, yet while the cry of triumph dances on the victor's lips, the traitorous glass turns, trembles and takes the Tarpeian leap.

"Beer! beer!" whoop out the occupants of another table; the waiters are not there, and dashed against the wall, the brittle fragments of the glass fall around like raining diamonds. Glass follows glass, plate follows plate, knives, forks and dishes bring up the rear, and din and uproar reign sovereign. The band also becomes more irregular and unharmonious; tunes from Norma, beggar songs and anthems peal forth promiscuously, reeling and intermingling with each other in wild discord, as if besotted.

"I've tumbled till I topple," hissed the Englishman in my ear, with a ghastly wandering eye, which would have shamed a ghost. "Methinks I swim like a fish, though I've not drank like one."

"Sir!" exclaimed a Wurtemburger, to a young fellow half seas over, near him, "sir, you've spilled some beer on me!"

"Ah!" was the bewildered ejaculation of the unconscious sinner.

"You are a-a-a- Dümmer Jünger!" (foolish boy,) burst out the Wurtemburger. The other, fairly aroused by this heinous insult, one of the most biting a German can give, cast back a fierce glance, and the challenge was given. A tremendous din here drowned their quarrel, and at the same time a huge, fat, purple faced fellow, ("in se totus, teres, atque rotundus,") already loaded with twenty-five choppins, staggered to his legs and announced his intention to win a bet and prove himself worthy of the title of king beer drinker, with which he was honored. Taking one after the other eight glasses of beer, placed before him in order, he quaffed them off without a second's interval between his draughts. "Ingenii largitur venter," whispered Steplein in my ear, "Persius hey?" I'd like to know, appropos, if Persius was a beer bibber! ha! ha! "Look, the earthen pots will crush

each other!" I cried as the colossus strode off, reeling against another monster of like proportions, "in se magna ruunt!" "Oh, but," jeered he, "Juncta juvant."

An evening's conviviality, followed by a heavy, restless night, is not calculated to brighten one's intellect, and the next morning, as several of us sipped our coffee in a companion's room, we could hardly summon courage enough to raise a laugh, even at each other's woe-begone countenances, but languidly reclining on our seats, we silently played with the large bowled pipes, and dropping here and there a disconnected phrase, watched the eddying smoke, as it curled aloft and mingled with the thick cloud which overhung us like a veil of mist. "Well," drawled Kosker, "well, Steplein, you'll come to see me slash with the Wurtemburger on Thursday? Hardman's my second."

"With pleasure; to how many bloody heaves have you challenged him?"

"Twelve."

"Very good, and apropos, Hardman, I'd like you to second me also."

"With whom?"

"I've two of them, Rengan and Baron Kraig."

"So be it. How is that?" asked I, "you only told me of your quarrel with Kraig, but Rengan?" My friend hesitated, laughed, scowled, and turned the conversation, yet could not turn me off, and after much entreating, I learned that he had taken to himself an insult bestowed upon me by Rengan, and which I had not noticed. The evening before, as the health of the American, for by that name I was generally known, had been drunken with loud halloos, Rengan, apparently owing me some pique, had whistled and hissed at the extent of his lungs, adding also a savory epithet or so, to my nation. Protesting against my friend's kindness, I at length forced him to abandon his good intentions in my behalf. Now I have a perfect horror for dueling, looking upon it as little less than polite murder. Hoping therefore to conciliate affairs, I knocked without more ado at Rengan's door, entered, and after a few moment's conversation, broached the subject of my visit. I hoped he meant nothing, and laying to the excitement of the moment his forgetfulness, excused him, and begged him to concede that I was not wrong in these conjectures. No! His reasons? None! I argued, and as I seemingly retreated, he advanced, until angered by a biting word, in a moment of uncontrollable passion, I gave the hateful challenge,—pistols. He started.

There goes an American, mysteriously whispered the janitor to a group of visitors, as I slowly paced toward my chamber. All turned immediately to behold so rare a curiosity. "He is not black!" murmured one, "nor red!" chimed in a second; "strange," ejaculated another, "he looks much like other poople, and yet"—here, with a loud, unearthly laugh, followed closely by two or three piercing whoops, I leaped thrice high into air, and with hideous contortions dashed around an angle of the narrow passage. "How long have you had him?" "Nine months! the first who ever entered these walls, and perfectly untameable." "Wonderful! does he wear a ring in his nose?"—

"Well, its all arranged, Steplein; day after to-morrow, with pistols."

"With devils! that's serious!"

"You know I cannot manage a rapier. You'll second me? There goes the bell! little rattling vixen; let's off to our studies."

Thursday came round in due season, and starting off in a well-stocked wagon, we had no occasion to stop more than half a dozen times to feed our beasts and mend their tackle, ere we reached our destination. It was a sweet, secluded spot, perhaps more beautiful then, and in those circumstances, than it had otherwise appeared; but then it was indeed most lovely, so calm, so peaceful. The dark green wood of whispering pines, contrasted by the pale waving grass on the opposite slope, the tiny rill merrily skipping in its narrow bed, the warbling of a single bird—it was a linnet, I marked it well—all spoke of happiness and content. My courage failed me; life might be sweet, yet was death not unwelcome; but to die thus, and reeking with sinful passion, to appear before my God! And then the dream which follows death! Eternity, time indefinite, time without end, for ever and for ever, no joy, no hope, but blank, blank, blank despair. I could have wept, nor would I have shamed me of my tears; for if to be devoid of feeling was to be a man, I claimed not to rank with such. "Well, Steplein, let us in," and arm in arm we slowly entered the small door of the house before us. Upon a couple of benches arranged along the sides of the dingy walls of a low, spacious room, were seated some twenty of my fellow comrades; beer bickers were strewn around upon the numerous window sills, and beneath the seats, and many a porcelain bowl sent forth its tiny wreath of smoke. As we entered, two combatants, with faces and bodies slightly marked with blood, were about shaking hands and drinking brotherhood, their quarrel ended, and they were now to be friends; for, after all, the duel with the rapier is but a mere trial of skill, a rough game at most. "Well, I suppose we may begin," said Kosker to his second, stripping off at the same time his coat and upper garments. "There now, I'm fairly buckled, hand me the tackle; it is a shame too, that we have nothing but make shifts." So saying, he donned a well wadded cap, and drawing down the visor so as to protect his eyes, he held forth his right arm, which Hardman bandaged tightly with two stout silk kerchiefs, while another student carefully tied around his neck a thick and high cravat. After a few more preliminaries, the word was given, and with a graceful flourish both combatants raised the basket of their long thin rapiers to a level with the eye. Both seconds stepping behind their principals and stooping low, passed beneath their uplifted arms another rapier, to fend the blows which might stray toward the lower portion of the body. Suddenly stepping slightly to the right, Kasker whirled with lightning speed his blade toward the Wurtemburger's left cheek; 'twas parried and returned; blow answered blow, steel clashing steel, resounded sharp and quick, and all four weapons flashed and rung at every turn. Both students with stern fixed gaze and flushed cheek bend forward now, and now fall back, elude and strike, and circle round upon the floor. The strokes fall like pattering hail, and hissing

through the air the bruised steel leaves a train of sparks behind. Suddenly Kosker staggers, and fainting falls. The Wurtemburger's blade had cut through his side as if the muscles were but whip cords. "How fares he, doctor?" cried the victor, as the surgeon reëntered shortly after. "Pretty well, its only an affair of five weeks in bed." "Thank God." And now Steplein calmly taking his weapon, passed his finger on the edges, and threw himself in position. "Now, sir, Baron Kraig, on!" and hardly crossing swords, each made a feint at the other's head, and fell in guard again. Another menace, and Kraig's rapier heavily stricken gave way, and a long streak of blood from the eye to the chin, proved that the stroke had told. The surgeon here produced a huge black plaster, applied it, and stepping back, again the swords were crossed. After a few more animated passes, Steplein once more darted forward to strike, and as quickly fell back with an exclamation of fury. "Sir Baron!" exclaimed he and his second in a breath, "your point was directed at the face; 'tis foul play! foul play!" The whole room was in an uproar. "Sirs," expostulated the accused, "upon my honor as a gentleman I meant not to thrust, nor had I any intention that the Count of Steplein should run against my point; I beg your pardon most sincerely." And once again the students forced each other, the Baron muttering curses between his clenched teeth, my friend half smiling with irony. During some minutes both struck and parried with equal address, until out of breath and tired, their blows fell more feebly and slowly; but a sudden cut which though not reaching the flesh, slit Steplein's kerchief from the elbow down, recalled his energy, and seizing his opportunity, he sent his steel hissing by the Baron's head, clipping from his cheek a portion of the flesh and plaster. He let fall his guard immediately, and rested the point of his weapon on the floor. But as he did so, Kraig, boiling over with rage and unmindful of all rules, twice, quick as thought, brought his edge to Steplein's throat, and cutting through cravat and beard brought blood from a deep gash beneath the chin. A cry of horror broke from all around, and with eyes shooting fire they rushed forward, the seconds throwing down their swords.* The Count alone remained unmoved. "Back, gentlemen," he said, "I beg of you; the scoundrel does not merit your anger. En garde, sir, en garde!" and drawing back his arm, he struck with mighty effort, his basket-hilt against that of the Baron, until the other trembled and staggered beneath the shock. Then brandishing aloft his arm, he sprang forward and struck his opponent full in the forehead with the hilt, throwing him prostrate on his knee; then with a loud laugh of scorn, he laid the flat of his blade upon the face and back of the prostrate knave, who reeled and fell forward on the floor. "This arm shall never be stained with honest blood again, since it has drank that of a coward, cried the Count," and snapping it cross his knee, he threw the broken fragments through the window. "And now, my friend, let us walk out and finish your affair with Rengan."

* After every wound drawing blood, hostilities are momentarily suspended.

Though little skilled in these affairs, our seconds went through the preliminaries without many very absurd blunders ; the ten paces were duly stepped, or rather leaped, for each one measured at least four feet, the pistols loaded, and being posted without reference to range or sky, we impatiently awaited the word. Now when Rengan had picked this quarrel, he had no idea that it would end in aught else but a skirmish with cold steel, and disliking hot lead as much as I, he stood up the very picture of indecision. "Fire !" cried Steplein, and my opponent wheeling his full broad front, directly facing me, raised his pistol, whose muzzle apropos seemed to expand to the size of a hog's-head, and pointing it some ten rods from the spot I occupied, immediately pulled the trigger, sending his ball whistling towards the pine forest. Not more murderously disposed than my adversary, I still could not refrain from paying him off for having procured me a couple of disturbed nights, and as according to previous agreement, we were both allowed a minute after the given word, to discharge our weapons I calmly brought my barrel on a range with his head. Then slowly bringing the muzzle to bear successively upon every portion of his body downwards, until reaching his feet, I again as slowly raised my piece, then suddenly jerking it towards the earth, I fired ; but the ball, as fate would have it, striking a stone near by, and sped on by some mischief-loving devil, glanced off, and flew whistling through my opponent's ear, chipping on its way a most uncomfortable and unpoetic notch. First, clapping frantically both hands to his temples, he then ran towards me crying out aloud, "Excuse me, V——, I have acted like a cursed fool." Just then some three or four cocked hats crowning as many ruby faces appeared upon the brow of the hill, and the sabres and silver medals of the owners soon becoming visible, we no longer doubted that the police was at our heels. Admirable fashion that, of so clothing justice, that the scare-crow is visible at half a league.

"Halloo, the horses ! the horses ! ' my kingdom for a horse !' this is a prison affair ! off, off !" and we vanished into "thin air," or "Scottish mist," just as the reader is pleased to prefer.

V. H.

THE LAST FAIRY BRIDAL.

There rolls a river, crested-white,
With swift and dizzy flow,
And from its bosom through the night,
Waves upward rosy radiance bright,
O'er Fairy Isle a fairy light,
A deep, celestial glow.

To-night the fairies meet on earth
In dance of lightsome glee,
And jolly elfins, breathing mirth,

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Brownies, who guard the cottage hearth,
With spirits of ethereal birth,
Are here in revelry.

To-night they bid the world farewell,
For e'en their island life
Is cursed with ban and sinful spell,
And man has made the earth a hell,
A scene, where fairies may not dwell
Unsoiled amid the strife.

'Tis here they meet: the dreary stream
That wastes the isle away,
Is but a world of hateful seem,
A world where lies and grossness teem,
And hearts, like Fairy Isle, yet beam
With living, inner ray.

And thus, embathed in rosy sheen,
The Isle their bridal hall,
A happier band ne'er met, I ween,
Nor gathered for a brighter scene,—
For weds their youthful Fairy Queen,
The noblest Fay of all.

They stand within a magic ring
Of emerald verdure rare,
With flow'rs, in fragrance quivering,
Flowers, that earliest bloom in spring,
Flowers, that yet are blossoming,
Entwined amid their hair.

Then fairy voices troll a glee,
That th' echoing waves prolong;
The air breathes zephyr symphony
To the spirits' choral song.

"Oh! far away,
Beyond the day,
Is our world, the sun outshining;
Where languid Hours
In myrtle bow'rs
Are ever in sleep reclining:
The cooing dove,
Soft beaming love,
With her mild eye o'er them hovers,
And while she sings,
This burden rings:
'Tis the Fairy Land of Lovers."

"Our robes of white
Are richly dight
From the heaven's gauze o'erclouding;
The texture frail
Of fairy veil,
Is the dazzled mist, sun-shrouding.
On lightning flash
Through the air we dash,
Till over the earth it hovers;
And we gaily spring
On airy wing
To the Bridal Isle of Lovers."

Then o'er the fairy's tiny finger,
A ring the Fay Prince drew,
Faint, virgin blushes seemed to linger
In th' opal's changeful hue.

But calmly she unloosed the token
That bound her wedded lord,
And sweetly glancing love unbroken,
She dropped it on the sword.

"Our spirit-troth is pure and holy;
It needs no outward sign,
'Tis written on the heart so fully
In characters divine.

"Perchance some outcast, wand'ring eadly,
Life-weary, sorrowing,
Weds Life anew, when finds he gladly
The Fairy's Bridal Ring."

She waved her hand, and swift ascending,
Each flight a dazzling ray,
Far up they soar, till dimly blending,
They melt, like stars, away.

A haggard form with count'nance pale,
Stood by that flood of cold,
And round his head, through crystal veil,
The sun wreathed clouded gold.
It seemed a hollow, mocking wreath,
As fitful poured his sighs,
A jeweled crown on Life in Death,
Set o'er those frozen eyes.

"Ye Hopes, that bore me once along,
Ye Hopes, that came when I was strong,
Away! false minions of a name!
Ye followed me when followed fame,
Ye left me in mine hour of shame.
I have sown my youth for others' good,
I have found the fruits in dust and blood.

"Ye Fears, that once unwelcome spoke,
Dark words of doubt I ne'er could brook,
Ye chased my hopes away in gloom,
Ye plunge me in this fearful tomb;
Receive me now in your joyless home.
Oh icy flood! guide me with shiv'ring hand
To the Land of Fears, the Real Land!"

He has leaped into the chilly flood,—
 His arms benumb erewhile,
 And the tossing waves in furious mood
 Dash him on Fairy Isle.
 He rises faint, and, falt'ring on,
 His senses scarcely cling,
 Till near his foot in brightness shone
 The Fairy's Bridal Ring.

The opal burned with mystic blaze,
 Then glowed like ruddy skies :
 He raised it, and a wild'ring haze
 Bedimmed his softened eyes :

He pressed it to his throbbing brow,
 And age fled from his soul,
 While to his ear, sweet whispers low,
 In fairy zephyrs stole.

" Oh ! weak in faith, heart-infidel,
 Dim fancies worshipping,
 Go forth ! again with mortals dwell,
 Thou hast found the Bridal Ring.
 Go ! cleanse in Love thy fearful soul,
 And write with grateful hand
 This lesson on that snowy scroll,—
 " The HEART is FAIRY LAND ! "

THE TRUE AIM OF THE SCHOLAR.

PARDON us if we begin with that common, almost vulgar term, Education. A word in every mouth,—a sound in every ear,—it echoes and reëchoes through every rank of every civilized nation. It is the talisman of the school-boy, the watch-word of his maturer years, the object on which his ripening genius fondly doats, and to which it ever loves to sacrifice. It is the boast of the pedantic upstart : with its badge and title, he proclaims his high vocation to the world, and gains a passport to power, riches, fame. It is counterfeited by quacks and impostors, courted by the gay and fashionable, prostituted by the wicked and selfish, worshiped as an "Unknown God" by the thoughtless and shallow minded.

What means this running to and fro of so many of her hopeful expectants, eager admirers and would-be votaries in our own little world ? The college bell rings, but far and wide over land and sea, it has already been anticipated, and crowds have left the pleasures and endearments of home, expressly to attend its calling. Ask them in what they now engage, and they are proud to tell you, " In that great cause to which these classic walls are consecrated, at whose shrine we every morning lift our eyes in homage, and every evening sacrifice our midnight oil," and we question if this is not as definite an idea as most have about it. Perchance their motives are as various, and their plans of life as different, as the dresses they wear, or the winds that wafted them hither. And yet, they come, all, professedly, to be educated.

Now then, we ask in earnest, what is this education ? Is it a mere privilege—a sweet something of magic power in the affairs of men—to be sought primarily as a means of erudition, usefulness or prosperity ; or is it a solemn duty which every man owes to himself, as an immortal intelligence, first of all for the discipline and improvement of his own faculties ? We propose briefly to answer this question, with a view to point out the true Scholar.

The object of education is not mere learning or erudition. Then were it comparatively easy to measure a man's attainments, if we knew the number of square feet in the books which he had studied, whereas the benefits of that education which most ennobles can never be measured. Knowledge is to the mind what wholesome food is to the body. It may overload and debilitate the weak and nerveless, as well as invigorate the strong. Thus the Greek hero had a celestial armor, but while it gave him the martial power and prowess of a God, it let in death unto his feeble friend. It is in vain thus to feed either body or mind, unless diligent attention be first paid to its growth, health, and strength. Some seem to act as if the mental house was already built, and needed only to be furnished; but the fact is, we have only a mass of rough-hewn timber within us; at best, a naked and unwieldy frame. It is yet to be shaped, smoothed, fitted; nay, first of all to be fixed upon a solid foundation, before it is prepared to stand the winds and storms of life, and at all events, it is to be the work of ages to make it like a model of Grecian Architecture, to combine the greatest stability with the greatest beauty. Mere human learning then is not the chief thing in education. You may call it a magnificent tool to work with—a splendid article of mental furniture—a convenience—a luxury. Its application is universal and ever useful, but it is a means rather than an ultimate end to be gained by the true Scholar.

Nor is it his grand object to acquire professional honor or emolument,—nor to gain a key to influence—nor to wield circumstances at his will. Let but an honest man in child-like docility, consult the oracles of human learning, open as it were the huge portals to her mighty temple and catch but a glimpse of the massive structures and numerous apartments within, now full and over-flowing with hidden lore which age after age has treasured there, and let him learn as soon he will, that all this is but a part, a specimen, while much remains unseen and yet unknown; or let him look abroad and see the emptiness of fame, the capriciousness of worldly influence, or fortune, and well may he be discouraged if not sickened at the sight; then, let him turn his eyes within upon the sacred deposit entrusted to his care, and realize that it is a germ to be developed through an endless future, and he will feel that education has a higher, nobler object, never to be superseded or transcended, to which all others are incidental or auxiliary, viz: to control, exalt, and dignify his own character as a moral and intellectual being. We have but to analyze this object, and dwell upon its parts, and we shall see a sacredness in all his duties, a deeper and more serious meaning in his life.

A well-balanced and full-developed character! It *means* something in the eyes of the true Scholar; not a mere phantom of ideal excellence, but something real, tangible, and religiously practical; not a mere harmony of conscience with the will and passions, but intellect, sensibility, and volition, all thoroughly disciplined and developed in perfect symmetry; not a mere supremacy of dry and stiff systematic law, but a free and vigorous order, constantly springing up to perfection, yet hidden in the soul.

But the great subject of mental and moral discipline is not to be passed over thus summarily. It needs a more particular application to show its bearings. To say that the mind is to be disciplined, is, indeed, virtually to say that every mental faculty is to be disciplined. We are not however to stop here. For if the soul, as strictly one and indivisible, must be made to fulfill a certain great and glorious end for which it was created, it is no less true that every faculty of the soul has a certain specific and subordinate end and office of its own to answer, in special reference to which it should be cultivated and put forth its efforts. Hence the several departments of learning, whether of science, art, literature, or religion, apart from the original unity of truth as all reflecting the image of one great and consistent Author, are to be studied, each for its own sake, and in the light of its own highest perfection as a distinct branch, and not always with an eye to superior utility, however dimly shadowed forth, as if that were really the only element of excellence. There have been alchemists in metaphysics as well as in chemistry; philosophers who have sought to resolve the whole science into a single simple and primary principle, by whose guidance all our studies should be directed, in the hope "that the pure gold of truth might be produced at pleasure." But this were more like the vain delusion of the middle ages, when the mind groaned under a consolidated mass of ignorance and corruption, and knowledge—"confusion worse confounded"—labored under the mighty spell of Aristotelian domination and monkish superstition. It was found necessary to fetter and bind down all the faculties under one common yoke of bondage to perpetuate the reigning authority of error. Here then we see their mutual *adaptation* and *dependence*. Give liberal indulgence to one faculty, and it may ultimately set them all free. Emancipate man from the thralldom of darkness and delusion in one field of inquiry, and it may at no distant day shed an enlightening and redeeming influence over all that gives rise to thought, or that ennobles and purifies his nature. Yet he that has learned to lisp the language of truth under the rising sun of a purely inductive philosophy, and of a spiritual religion, knows that every faculty has, so to speak, a prize of its own to win, a work of its own to do, correspondent to its own nature, for which it needs a *profound training*; just as all *external* departments of art or action, which demand strength or skill, from the child, the old Athlete or the soldier; to the doctor at law, medicine, or divinity, must be subjected, each to a long probation of training and toil.

Here then, the mind presents itself under a new aspect. Men may talk contemptuously of poor human reason. They may point now to the endless absurdities of a blind yet subtle philosophy—to the cumbersome systems of spurious logic and quibbling dialectics, which once decoyed the infant energies of thought into the snares of error; or now, to the mockeries of a theology, "wise above what is written," and so justly the holy horror of every pious heart; and sneeringly ask, what are all these but the legitimate effects of reasoning? But this cannot in the least disparage the claims of reason. We have no faculty which can explain all the mysteries of being, and the entire constitution of things; we have no faculty which may not be per-

verted by passion or blinded by prejudice; and to say this is merely to say that all is not revealed, or that man is not God. But if by reason be meant a faculty which we do possess, competent, if rightly directed, to argue and decide for itself, the question is forever settled. It must be exercised and disciplined for that very purpose. To admit any thing into the bosom of a rational being, should be to intelligently recognize it as reasonable, and to affirm that any thing within the scope of human vision is too sacred to be exposed to the scrutiny of calm discussion—in other words, that we may have *faith* in what we may perhaps never *believe*, is to stint or repress the growth of “upright stature in the soul,” if not to sell the birthright of the true scholar.

But again we ask, shall not imagination arise from her drowsy sleep and bathe her wings in the pure light of heavenly inspiration, and seek her aliment on the heights of charming fiction? Shall a sense of the beautiful slumber in the breast in blind homage to the dictates of a narrow though superior utility? Shall the noble impulses of philanthropy, or the tender promptings of conscience, or the affectionate responses of heart to heart be stifled or baffled, and at last buried alive in the vaults of bigotry, laziness, or passion? Nay, we need not enumerate—the question is settled—each power of intellect, and each sensibility has *an eternal interest at stake*, a capacity of its own to enlarge and to fill, and consequently ought to spend and to expand itself upon its own appropriate objects.

Yes, there is something full and finished in every effort of the scholar when he humbly asserts his claim to the high hope of a well-balanced and full-developed character. Thought is no longer the trifle of the moment—a mere bud of promise to be borne away and torn asunder by the winds, before it comes to maturity. Feeling is no longer wasted by indecisive action. He has no sympathy with that impatience which is eager to buy at once a ready-made faith, nor with that tame inertness which readily submits to authority, nor with that abject imbecility of mind which never forms a conclusion itself, nor embraces that of another; but his opinions, resting upon enlightened conviction, become rooted as principles, and are ever cherished with the sacredness of true regard.

But it is objected that error will gain ground in the world, while the scholar is spending so much time in thorough and profound training, and that duty to *himself* will thus conflict with duty to *others*. Now it may be doubted whether the wear and tear of actual strife will not itself cultivate the mind more than any closet-discipline, especially if the ground has been once laid out and the plan of operation determined; but at all events history will confirm the great law of nature, that the “*power of concentration*” will accomplish more than many years of feeble, though patient and self-denying effort. Alexander and Napoleon, while yet young, had made the nations tremble beneath their feet. Newton held science beneath the focus of his intense mind, and before he was thirty years old he had almost completed his discoveries. Milton toiled a long life in arduous preparation to write what he foresaw “the world would not willingly let die.” In this respect the scholar is but the soldier of truth. He cannot measure his conquests by the number of years in the field, nor when

his laurels are won in a righteous cause, and the banner of victory floats triumphant over the arch-enemy defeated, can he ever regret the days and nights he may have spent in preparing for conflict.

But we need not dwell longer on the nature of discipline. With such an object in view, who will sport with his own *destiny*? Let the very idea that this is a life of probation preparatory to another yet to come, strike home as a motive. It has already been hinted at, and is not to be left out of the question. Then, while some as scholars devote themselves supremely to other acquisitions, which may fit them to act well their part in the world; the Christian will feel that by all these things he is to enlarge, refine, and strengthen his powers, that he may be better able to study those deeper and sublimer truths which occupy the attention of intelligences in a nobler sphere. If this be not an aim—and the only aim which comprehends both the *dignity* and the *destiny* of the truest scholar—we ask what is that aim and whence does it receive its sanction?

Time was, perhaps, when the pursuit of such an object justly seemed chimerical. A long life was requisite to advance but little, and the longest life of the brightest genius could add comparatively little to the sum of human knowledge. The scholar could scarcely burnish and buckle on his armor, when he was called to conflict with the grim messenger of death. And yet, if we may judge, there were men in ancient times, when unassisted reason held her sway, who really did more by attempting what others have been pleased to call impossible, than most of our day, who dare not do what they can. But still, with us it is far different. The scholar lives under a weightier responsibility. He has no excuse, if he do not centre in his character the convergent rays of many excellencies. He must build up within him a monumental Colossus, whose free and vigorous outlines, liberal proportions, dignified and regular features, shall attest the transcendent privileges of the age. With Bacon and Locke he will wander in the labyrinths of philosophy; with Howard and Hannah More he will assuage the woes of weeping humanity; with Mrs. Hemans touch the chords of immortal song. With Boyle he will study the earth, with Newton the heavens, with angels the Deity. His glory is that he will neglect neither, and life is long enough for all. We will illustrate what we mean by a more critical survey of the literary world.

Would you see self-neglect in one of its grossest forms? Here is a scholar (for scholar he would be called) who is willing to overlook what may not be of any direct bearing in the arts of practical life. A student at law or medicine, he is content to forego the "tedious routine of college." He joins in the vulgar cry, "O how useless now-a-days to enslave so many of our best hours in the rigid service of cold and abstract mental discipline! How worse than useless to run the risk of burning, 'soul-consuming' thought! The mathematics are 'love's labor lost.' Speculative philosophy is meant only for the initiated few, and if it were not, forsooth it were mere 'soulless drudgery' to penetrate the arcana of nature, or to fathom the depths of the immaterial and spiritual. Nay, much even of the study of literature is after all a work of supererogation." Just as if our increased facilities of im-

provement, which give us so much speed, do not also make us responsible for more extensive progress. Thus narrow-minded and superficial, he does all for practical effect, looking constantly for something external and apparent. Experimental knowledge—a graceful, skillful tact is the height of his ambition. Sometimes a philanthropist, he springs up in a day, all ready and impatient for his work. His over-weening benevolence would have him *all-absorbed* in the claims of others. By such we need not say that the *scholar* is sacrificed to the *business professional man*.

Would you see self-idolatry of no uncommon kind? Yonder is a student, who is forever breaking up the fallow ground of his own mind, going back even to his minutest motives, habits, and principles, by rendering to himself a rigid account of what he is and what he knows. He seeks to regulate and develop his faculties by a profound economy of deep and patient education, which begins and ends with himself. There is, so to speak, a serious gymnastic struggle within him, for a kind of internal strength of soul, which he recommends with all the austerity of an old stoic, and hopes will grow with his growth, and fit him for immortality. Such a man will have no time to impart, for he feels as if he must constantly appropriate. Not a few have thus lived and died, as we believe, honestly absorbed in a morbid and insatiable care for the deathless spirit within them. Scholars they were, and they had the true spirit of study, but it degenerated into the narrowest, coarsest kind of homespun philosophy. They walked not in the true light, but in the dark delusion of *self-dependence*—the victims of an aimless, self-exacting will.

There is a far more numerous class of Scholars, different from either of those already mentioned, who have not the very *best right* to the name. Besides the Self, which they nobly seek to control, exalt and dignify, they have another,—the self of selfishness, a malady of the mind; a self-love, which is not conquered by a purer love of self-excellence. They entertain false ideas of the world and of the conditions of improvement in it. They seek truth without duty, as if either could stand alone. They may be giant sons of intellect, but like Polyphemus, they never had but one eye, and that is blind. No wonder then if they lose sight of their own glory and become the sport of a worldly ambition. We can not expect that any truly noble end can be proof against perversion. They idolize the intellectual and neglect the moral. The scholar, conscious of his high dignity and destiny, will do neither.

We do not then speak lightly when we affirm, that the true scholar is a scholar for *eternity*. Let him be engaged in whatever pursuit or profession, he is ever the same humble votary. He will sit at the feet of nature, he will quaff the pure waters of truth, with the sincerity and docility of a child. With him, to study is to understand—to understand to feel—to feel to act. His heart is all alive with one generous impulse. His aspirations are all in unison with one living and abiding principle. That impulse and that principle are embodied in one grand scheme of education, and that education is not for a day—nor for time, but progressive through eternity.

T.

BOAT SONG.

DEDICATED TO THE A. B. C.

THE Wave, the Wave dancing in light,
Merrily o'er the sea;
God surely meant this dwelling bright
For the noble and the free.

Hurra for the Wave,
Bright child of the Sea;
'Twill bear but the brave,
It loves but the free.

The sunlight gilds its sparkling crest
With gay and joyous light;
And when night brings to Nature rest,
It laughs in the soft moonlight.

CHORUS.

Now it wildly dashes against the sky,
Roused by the tempest's roar;
Now lulled by the zephyr's whispered sigh,
It breaks on the pebbled shore.

CHORUS.

Now it soothes the mariner's troubled dream
With quiet, gentle rest,
While its fairy anthem truly seems
The music of the blest.

CHORUS.

'Neath the sparkling, joyous, bounding Wave,
Whene'er I cease to roam,
May I find a peaceful, lonely grave,
My last, eternal home.

CHORUS.

INVENTIONS, AND THEIR BEARING ON THE OPERATIVE CLASS.

By culture man may do all things, short of the miracle,—Creation.—TUPPER.

LORD BACON, in speaking of inventions, has given a novel, yet interesting, commentary on the words of Solomon: "It is the glory of God to conceal a thing, but the honor of kings is to search out a matter." The impression that it conveyed to his mind was, that it was "as if the Divine nature took delight in the innocent and playful sports of children, who hide themselves that they may be found out; and from his indulgence and graciousness to men, chose the human soul

his playfellow." Whatever may be the more direct bearing of this passage, like many other truths of the Bible, it evidently has its analogy, throughout the material as well as the spiritual world.

Aside from the effect which searching out these hidden truths and designs of God will have, in cultivating our intellectual powers and thereby promoting our own happiness, doubtless one leading object of the Creator, was to direct our minds to Him, as the Author and Originator of all things. For if every great truth, whether of morals, mind or matter, had been left as it were upon the surface of things, where it would be immediately obvious to our perception without study or labor on our part, one of the strongest inducements would be taken away which incites us to long and untiring efforts to acquaint ourselves with His character, through the study of His word and works. The mind, as a knowing faculty, takes the highest pleasure in invention and discovery; and through its strong desire to gratify this passion for knowledge, is not merely *directed* to the wisdom and goodness of God in His works, but is necessarily *brought* and *held*, long at a time, in close proximity with the great facts of His creation and providence, until it can hardly fail to bear away an abiding impression of the truths taught by those facts.

Invention is indeed the glory and honor of man, whether as viewed in the department of "argument and speech," or of "arts and sciences." It is by the former, that mind prepares itself to wrestle with mind, and multitudes bow and do homage at the mandates of the weak. Hence are drawn weapons gleaming and bright, that make the hearts of the boldest to quake; and by them "one can chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." The humble and lowly stand forth in the cause of truth; and great men, mighty men, and kings of the earth do them reverence. Hereby the poor are exalted, the oppressed find relief, and the injured receive right at the hand of justice.

But it is with the latter that we are at present more immediately concerned. In this department, invention, like some faculty divine, has carried man forward step by step; first aiming only to ameliorate his condition in this world, and free him from actual inconvenience; next seeking to instruct, improve, and bless; and lastly, strewing his pathway with the seeds of positive and enduring pleasures, filling his head with wisdom, his hands with plenty, and his heart with delight, and surrounding him with all that is pleasing to the senses, or profitable to the whole man.

It has added no less to the charms of home, than it has increased the facilities and pleasures of roaming abroad. No station in life can be named so humble, that it has not visited it; no class of enjoyments so trivial, that they have not been increased by it; no business or employment of man, that has not received from it a helping hand. It has multiplied the arms of the warrior in battle, and given him to mow down his enemies as the grass of the field. It has sped with the mariner from sea to sea, to point him to rocks and quick-sands, and tell him of a way of safety upon the pathless ocean; and by its unerring guidance, man has looked upon the ends of the world, and his prying

curiosity has wearied itself with viewing, and returned, saying it is enough. It has applied its magic power to the diffusion of letters, and the mind has been sated with the lore of all ages and countries. It has but touched the shapeless masses of crude material, and fabrics of beauty and of comfort have sprung at once into existence, to clothe and decorate the body, and array its residence like the palaces of kings for its reception. It has taken the speed of the wind, and plucked for him the fruits of every clime, and thrust them into his bosom ere their freshness had withered or their sweet living odor escaped from its imprisonment. It has looked into the eye of man, and taking thence its data, has created worlds out of atoms, and brought the infinite down to the finite. And last, though not least, it has given commandment to the lightning, and been obeyed; and remote cities commit to it their whisperings, and listen to each other as friend listeneth to friend.

And in all these things it has shown itself no respecter of persons, but has showered its golden gifts alike on the rich and poor, on the learned and on the unlearned, on its enemies and on its friends. Yet like every doer of good deeds, it has had its traducers, and been charged with robbing the laborer of his rightful employment—with taking from the poor to heap upon the rich—and with thrusting the already down-trodden into deeper and thicker mental and moral darkness.

The class of inventions now under consideration, will admit of two general divisions: the first including inventions in their application to Science, providing apparatus for making discoveries and experiments in Astronomy, Philosophy, Chemistry, &c.; the second embracing their application in all the departments of the Arts and Manufactures, in their numerous and endlessly varied forms.

In regard to the former of these, no reasonable man, of any general information, would for a moment question their utility, or at least their freedom from positive evil to any class whatever,—although there are those among the foster children of ignorance and superstition, whose vision is too obtuse to discover any connection between the advancement of Science, and the general prosperity and happiness of mankind. Nay, some have even thought they could see in this advancement, the shadows of approaching spectres about to interfere with their own interests, and take from them some of their good old opinions and practices, that had been cherished from the world's infancy. But the number of such is fast diminishing, and they will soon be lost in the fogs and mists of past ignorance.

In the application of inventions to the Arts, however, there has been more semblance of reason in the complaints that have been made; yet, even in this case we think those complaints are without sufficient foundation.

The inventions and improvements of machinery, in its multifarious forms, to bring it to its present advanced and perfected state, has been the work of ages, and has cost, on the part of many individuals, a lifetime of the closest study and thought. Its beneficial effects on the

world at large, especially in increasing the wealth and respectability of nations, and in advancing the cause of civilization, never can be too highly appreciated. But many, and among them men of sound judgment, have seriously doubted whether to the operative class merely these great advances in the application of inventions to machinery for manufacturing purposes, have not proved a curse instead of a blessing. It will be our purpose to notice some of the reasons that have been assigned for entertaining this opinion.

It is said that by the introduction of machinery, many of the laboring class are left destitute of employment; and their families thrown upon the charities of an unfeeling world. It is true that where machinery is extensively employed, the same amount of labor is performed by a much less number of hands. And on its first introduction into a community, in the great changes that are necessary from one kind of business to another, some have been left for a time apparently idle, until business has again become settled, and each has found his proper station. But this state of things never need continue for any great length of time, while the facts in regard to agriculture remain what they now are.

It is a truth not to be disputed, that in the most thickly settled agricultural portions of our country, the great fault is, that farmers have more land in their possession, and more even under partial cultivation, than they can cultivate thoroughly. It is astonishing what may be done by taking only a small portion of land, and directing all the energies to, and bestowing all the improvements on this. And what we have said of this country, is true for the most part of other countries. As a proof of these remarks, we have only to contrast England with France. And here let it be understood that we appeal to England only in illustration of this single point; and not as an example of manufactures so conducted, as fully to do away with all or even any of the objections which we are attempting to meet.

England is crowded with machinery, and consequently a large portion of the population are at liberty to turn their attention to the cultivation of the soil. Hence the space of ground for each is comparatively small, and that space the more thoroughly tilled. France, on the other hand, is nearly destitute of machinery; "the farmer constructs his own implements of husbandry, and in his family is manufactured the cloth of which his wearing apparel is made." And what are the results in the two countries? Notwithstanding the decided advantages which France possesses in climate and soil, it is estimated that she employs two agricultural laborers to raise food for themselves and one manufacturer; while in England one agricultural laborer raises food for himself and two, or, according to Alison, (vol. iv. p. 430,) three other persons. And though twice as many persons are employed, professedly in the cultivation of the soil, as on the same extent of ground in England, yet so much of their time is occupied in constructing their implements and performing other labors which ought to be performed by machinery, and their sum total of labor so much diminished by the inferior quality of their utensils, that the amount

of produce per acre is one fourth less in France than in England. Thus we see that where machinery is the most extensively employed, not only is there an opportunity left for all to labor with their hands, but *there*, above all other places, may that labor be bestowed to the best advantage.

Again it has been objected, that where the manufacturing is done by machinery, the farmer will have many leisure hours at certain seasons, when his time will be wholly unoccupied. Now to say nothing of the necessity or not, that this should be so, we would concede the fact, and on it found our main argument in support of machinery, viz : that it affords leisure to the laboring man for the cultivation of his mind and heart.

Nothing can be more erroneous than to suppose that it was the design of the Creator, that any of His intelligent subjects should devote the whole twenty-four hours to eating, sleeping, and physical labor. Yet this has been the entire employment of a large portion of the laboring class in past ages. It is to be hoped that the time is at hand when men will begin to learn wisdom—when, instead of chaining the mind down as a slave to the body, they will make the body subservient to the wants of the mind and soul.

Were the powers of machinery increased seven fold, and the remaining amount of labor divided equally among the world's population, none too much time would be given to man, to become acquainted with the countless subjects of study and investigation which present themselves in and around him. Then the man of letters would no longer present the appearance, as he passed among us, of a moving skeleton ; nor be compelled to lay his bones in a premature grave, as the penalty of constantly using his mental, to the neglect of his physical powers. Neither would the laboring man so often be cut down ere he had numbered half his days ; or be left behind to suffer the pains and decrepitudes of a premature old age, because he was not allowed the time in early life to acquaint himself with the laws of his physical nature, and to learn the habits it was necessary to form, in order to secure the longest and happiest life possible.

Once more the complaint is made, that the tendency of inventions as applied to machinery, is, to make the rich richer, and the poor poorer. Every one, by a few moments' reflection, will see the wisdom of that providence, which has ordained the unequal distribution of property in this world. This arrangement is necessary to the highest good of the laboring class in any community, whether their labor is applied through machinery or without it. There must be a nucleus here and there, about which the wealth may collect, in order to carry out any extended plans and operations. Should a community, each individual of which was possessed of an equal amount of property, attempt to perform any great work, there would be as many plans and as many master-workmen as there were individuals ; and the consequence would be, as much confusion as was experienced at the building of Babel, and a like abortion.

We are not disposed to deny that in large manufacturing establish-

ments the machinery is mostly in the hands of the wealthy. But lest there should be any room left for complaint, there is a constant change going on, so that the rich man of to-day is the poor man of to-morrow, and vice versa. While one scale is up, the other must needs be down. Thus each in his turn is permitted to make trial of what he deems fortune's favorite lot; if not in his own person, at least in that of his representative whom he leaves behind him. And as to the accumulation of unbounded wealth, it seldom continues collecting for any great length of time, or to any very great amount, before by some unexpected reverse of fortune it is suddenly dissipated among the surrounding population.

The laboring man then ought not to feel that he has no interest in the success of the wealthy, or no advantage to derive from his property. But rather to consider that fortune has stationed the rich man to stand guard over one of the store-houses of her treasures;—to suffer all the care, trouble, and anxiety of defending it from depredation and plunder—of preserving it from waste and corruption—of keeping upon it that lustre which is the result alone of use, and, at the same time, hazarding the loss of all enjoyment, which too free indulgence in the use of it is sure to cause, and to which he is constantly tempted by its presence; while the poor man is permitted to go on his way as a kind of gentleman at large—relieved from care, yet free to partake, and in most cases able to obtain as much as can be enjoyed with the highest zest. Could he but know and feel the real advantages of his situation, he would be the last to envy the rich their ever-increasing, yet never satisfied, desire for indulgence, which ever has and ever will grow out of the possession of wealth, unless the most rigid self-denial be adhered to from the outset.

The opportunity which is afforded in this country for every one to rise, and take that station to which his own merits or his own exertions entitle him, in a great measure does away with this objection. Every one who enlists for hire, does it with the expectation of becoming his own master at some future period. Almost every manufacturing establishment affords instances of men who have entered as common laborers, and have gradually risen till they have become overseers, and finally owners in that or some other establishment,—while in England too many of the poor laborers have no other prospect than a life of monotonous employment in the very lowest department, and for a trifling compensation.

And as a last consolation, when all prospect of riches is cut off, the poor laborer should remember, that "riches are but the baggage of virtue, which hinder the march; and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory."

It remains for us to speak briefly of the influence of manufactures upon the intellectual and moral interests of a community. In viewing this part of the subject, too much evil has been regarded as necessarily attaching itself to manufactures themselves, as such, and not enough to their internal *modus operandi*, and the institutions, forms of government, and various modulating circumstances under which they have

been conducted. No one would think of finding fault with God for giving us grain, merely because it has been applied to alcoholic purposes, and thereby been a curse to the world. Yet this would be as reasonable as to complain of the inventor of machinery for giving us the results of his labors, merely because that machinery has in many, or even in a large majority of instances, hitherto been applied under such circumstances as to increase the degradation of those who have labored in connection with it. Because the cupidity and avarice of man pollutes and perverts every good and perfect gift that is put into his hands, we are not thence to conclude at once that he would be better off without these gifts, or that they may not in some future period be so applied, as to prove what they were designed to be—the choicest of Heaven's blessings.

It continues to be no longer a problem, whether manufactures are necessarily attended with moral degradation or not. The almost incredible results of the partial trials that have been made in this country, over those of foreign manufactures, have set this question forever at rest. The change in circumstances has already wrought wonders, and yet this change has been but limited and incomplete. Surely if with this brief trial such important improvements have been made, we may reasonably conclude that the ultimatum of excellence is yet far from having been reached.

The leading differences between British and American manufactures appear to lie in these two points: *first*, the difference in the amount of intellectual cultivation among the inhabitants, previous to the introduction of manufactures; and, *second*, in the fact that in England every member of any given family, from the child of four or five years old upwards, must actually be employed in the business, and that from twelve to fifteen hours per day, and with a prospect that the same will continue through life, or the whole family must be rejected entirely: while in our own country, those who have not a prospect of speedy promotion in the establishment, most of them are young people who design only to spend a few years in that business, to acquire means preparatory to settlement in some other situation for life; and even while there, the number of hours per day at the most not exceeding from nine to twelve, and very many among them not working by the hour at all, but by the piece; and the more skillful and experienced sometimes doing two or three "days' work" in a day, or devoting considerable time to other purposes. In other words, the difference is in external circumstances and internal management.

With these limited, yet vastly important, changes at the outset, we have among us manufacturing villages and cities, that are already eminent, not only for intellectual and moral culture, but for revivals of religion, and for permanent, high-toned principles of piety. With such evidence before us, what may we not expect, when all has been done that may and ought to be done, to bring about the best possible results in manufacturing districts?

It has been objected that extensive manufacturing establishments, by bringing into near proximity so many of different classes and sexes,

present an unavoidable difficulty in the way of their moral elevation. This we deny. The fact that such results have followed in the past, only proves that that great and important principle, which appeals to the sympathies of men, and enables masses to be acted on more easily than individuals, whether for weal or woe, has hitherto in this particular branch of labor been allowed to take an unfavorable bias, rather than seized upon and turned to good account.

When owners and directors shall have fully availed themselves of this principle, in the diligent and unremitting use of the instrumentalities already in their hands, in the way of intellectual cultivation, moral reformation, Sabbath School instruction, and sanctuary privileges, and the almost countless systems of restraining and improving influences that characterize our age and nation,—we say, when all these shall be perfected and employed in their full power, can we doubt that manufacturing districts shall compare favorably, in point of moral elevation, with any other classes of their fellow-men, of any employment whatsoever?

It has often been remarked, that no other employment can be found so favorable to morals, as that of Agriculture. Yet "one of the most distinguished philanthropists of England stated that he had instituted an extensive inquiry into the comparative amount of crime, and especially of impurity, in the manufacturing and the agricultural districts of England, and had found, to his surprise, that the former were decidedly more moral than the latter." (*Quar. Chris. Spectator*, 1832, p. 381.) This fact affords indisputable proof, that the degradation of the operative class in England, is to be charged entirely to other influences than those resulting from the application of machinery to manufacturing purposes.

We think enough has been written to show, that the effect of inventions, in their application to machinery, even on the operative class, so far from being the crushing and destroying monster that many have supposed, when stripped of its extrinsic evils and attending circumstances, is a mere bugbear, scarcely worthy of our notice. Space will not permit us even to glance at the direct benefits, otherwise the contrast which might thus be presented, would show in a still stronger light the blessings with which invention has visited the hardy laborer.

Proceed to take from him the grist-mill and flour-mill, and leave him to prepare his grain with his own hands,—at the same time increasing his labor and diminishing his comfort,—and unless he is a Grahamite of the broadest stamp, preferring his grain slightly broken, unbolted, and half cooked, he will bestow on you no thanks for the change. So we might go on with the saw-mill that furnishes materials to shelter him; the paper-mill that gives him the newspaper and book for his amusement and instruction, and the factory that clothes him, until we had stripped him of nearly all that renders life desirable. Even the poorest of the present working class, we had almost said, fares sumptuously, compared with the most favored in such a state of society. In short, the abolition of machinery, as connected with inventions, would roll back the wheels of improvement and civilization many ages,

and speedily reduce the world to a state of barbarism; and not the *rich* merely, but *all* would suffer a loss never to be repaired, but by the restoration of that which had been taken away.

Instead of this gloomy picture, we would rather look forward to the time, when by the still farther multiplication of inventions and labor-saving machines, the amount of physical effort with the hand, necessary for the supply of the world's inhabitants, shall be far less than at the present time; when at least two sets of hands shall be employed in every large manufacturing establishment, and not less than half of the time of every individual devoted to the cultivation of those higher and nobler powers, that ally him to angels and to God himself.

In conclusion, we feel prepared to say with Lord Bacon, that "the glory of inventions is that they raise human nature, without hurting any one; and do not press or sting a man's conscience, but bestow on all, rewards and blessings without the sacrifice, or injury, or sorrow of one. For the nature of light is pure and harmless—it may be perverted in its use, but not polluted in itself."

G. B. D.

"THE LIGHT OF BEAUTY'S EYE."

BEFORE the chariot of the sun,
His coursers pant their race to run,

Along the heavenly plain,
They strive, impatient of delay,
But vainly strive, to dash away—

Curbed by the golden rein
Of Him who sits upon a throne,
Within that flaming car,
A form no eye may gaze upon,
So bright its glories are.

In dense array, on every side,
The laughing day-beams flit and glide—

A countless living swarm;
While gleefully each tiny sprite
Dips his wings in heavenly light,
Which bathes the day-god's form:
And soon, in shining circles round,

They wait the signal given, [bear
Which bids them spread their wings and
To earth the light of heaven.

Now open wide the heavenly doors,
And out the countless army pours,
In bright and swift advance;

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Down through the shadowy air they spring,
In wide and wider spreading ring,
Throughout the great expanse.
They came the glorious light of day
O'er all the world to spread—
Light that from each spirit-wing
In richest shower was shed.

Before their face the night-mists fled,
As swift on glittering wings they sped
Athwart the gladdened earth;
O'er hill and dale they coursed along,
And woke the busy mortal throng
To mingled care and mirth.
They played amid the morning clouds,
And gorgeous colors gave;
They dipped within the heaving sea,
And fringed the crystal wave.

They fell upon the castle walls,
And frolicked in the stately halls
Of worldliness and pride;
They glided in the humble cot,
Where worldly state and pride came not,
To whelm affection's tide.

They woke the great man to his cares,
 From dreams of wrong and spoil,
 And roused from calm, refreshing sleep
 The peasant to his toil.

* * * * *
 Thus from the sky, on pinions bright,
 Imbued with Heaven's fairest light,

A merry band descended,
 And fell upon a cottage side,
 Where creeping vines in beauty vied,
 And fragrant odors blended.

They chased each other 'mid the flowers,
 And in the lattice peeping,
 They entered where a fairy form
 Of loveliness lay sleeping.

Along a forehead white and meek,
 And down a rosy, dimpled cheek,
 Her waving ringlets sported ;

And half-concealed an arm of snow,
 Which, pillowed on the couch below,
 Her gentle head supported.
 Thus wrapped in calm and peaceful sleep,
 The lovely being lay,
 Till o'er her placid cheek and brow,
 She felt the day-beams play.

Then from those swimming orbs of blue,
 Fringed with lash of darkest hue,
 The drooping lids divided,
 And through the liquid openings
 The shining sprites, with folded wings,
 In sweet enchantment glided.
 Thence, nestled in those sweet retreats,
 They never more will fly,
 But sparkle on forever there,
 "The light of Beauty's eye."

CURIOSITY SHOP.

THE following curiosities have been gleaned from the old laws of Yale College, and will compare favorably, we think, with any of the stray fancies or quaint conceits that have lately flooded the newspapers. They are decidedly unique in their kind, and the only wonder is how their venerable originators could bear to part with them. To account, however, for the great difference between the old and the new system, it is sufficient to remember, that formerly laws were made for the use of students, while latterly they are only printed to be sent home to parents and guardians. The old engraving has also been inserted, because the No. in which it formerly appeared is at present exhausted.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LAWS OF YALE COLLEGE, PUBLISHED A. D. 1787.

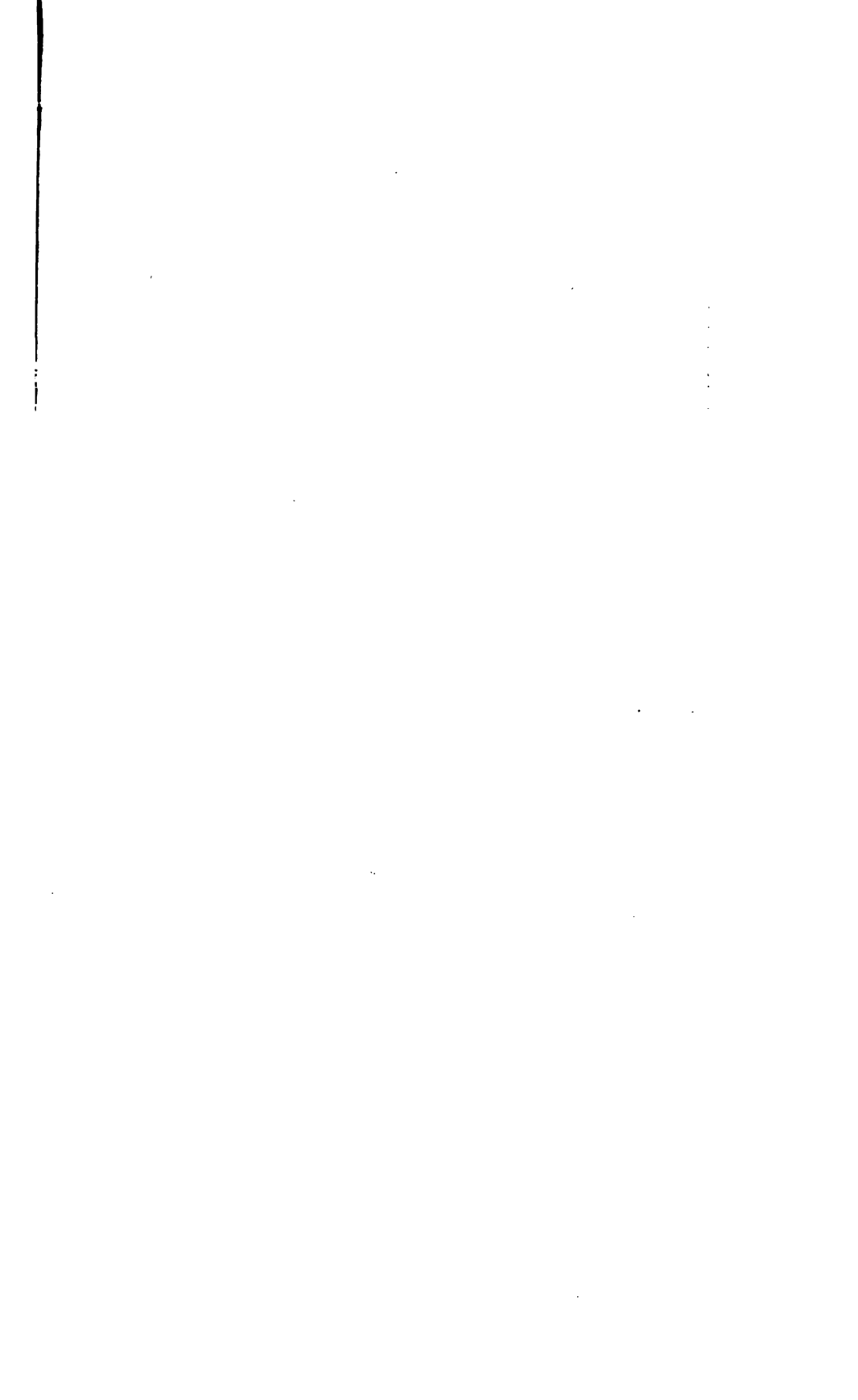
Chap. 2.—Of a Religious and Virtuous Life.

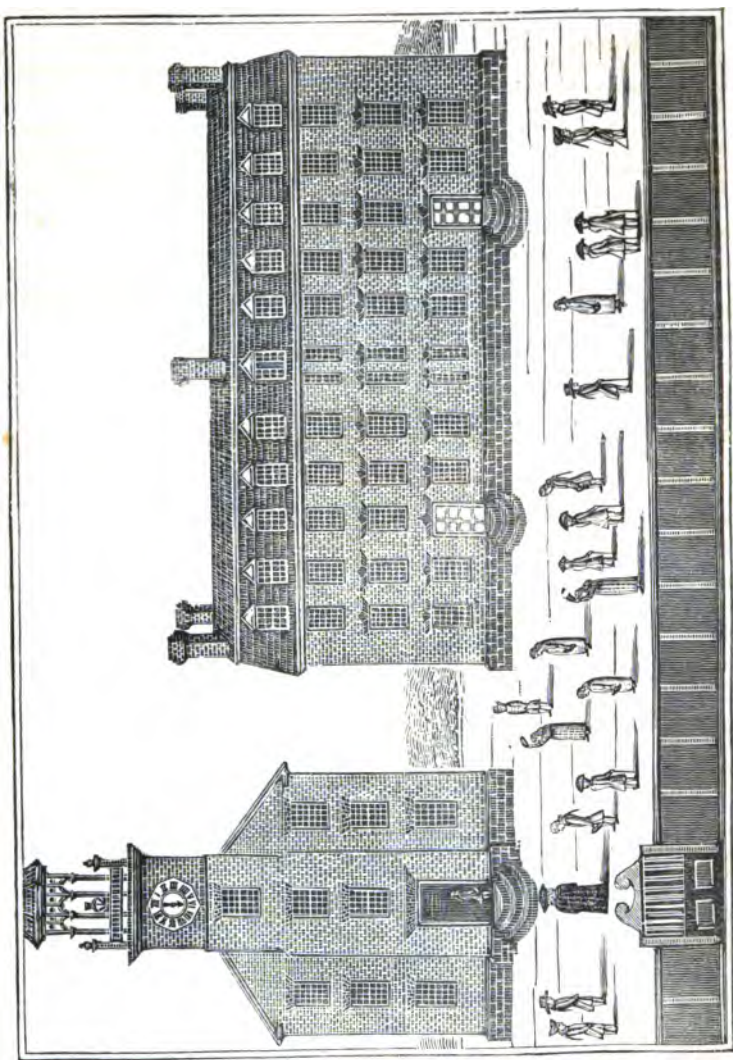
1. All the scholars are required to live a religious and blameless life, according to the Rules of God's Word, diligently reading the holy Scriptures, that Fountain of Divine Light and Truth, and constantly attending all the Duties of Religion.

2. The President, or, in his Absence, one of the Tutors in their Turn shall constantly pray in the Chapel every Morning and Evening, and read a Chapter or some suitable Portion of Scripture, unless a Sermon or some Theological Discourse shall then be delivered. And every member of College is obliged to attend, upon the Penalty of One Penny for every Instance of Absence, and a Half Penny for being tardy or egressing without a sufficient Reason.

4. All the Scholars are obliged to attend Divine Worship in the College Chapel on the Lord's Day, and on Days of Fasting and Thanksgiving appointed by public Authority, upon penalty of Four Pence (without just Reason) for Absence either Part of the Lord's Day, or a Thanksgiving Day, or a Fast Day, and Three Pence for Absence from a lecture, and One Penny for being tardy, &c.

6. Every scholar is required to shew all due Honor and Reverence, both in Words and Behavior, to all his superiors, viz. Parents, Magistrates, Ministers, and especially to the President, Fellows, Professors, Tutors and Seniors of this College ; and shall in





YALE COLLEGE AND THE COLLEGE CHAPEL IN 1786.

no case use any reproachful, reviling, disrespectful or contumacious Language; but on the contrary shall shew them all proper tokens of Reverence and Obedience.

7. No scholar shall *walk* upon the Sabbath, or on any Fast day.

Concerning Scholastic Exercises.

1. Every student shall diligently apply himself to his studies in his Chambers, and no student shall walk abroad or be absent from his Chamber, except half an hour after breakfast and an hour and a half after dinner, upon penalty of Two Pence or more to Six Pence, at the discretion of the President.

3. Every Saturday shall be devoted chiefly to the study of Divinity, and each class through the whole Time of their Pupilage shall recite either the Assembly's Catechism, the Confession of Faith received and approved by the Churches of the Colony, Wallabies Ame's Medulla, or something else, &c.

4. Any undergraduate who shall be absent from Recitation or Dispute without liberty may be fined Two Pence, and if from Declaiming Six Pence.

Of Regular Moral Behavior.

3. If any scholar shall be guilty of *stealing* or knowingly receive and conceal stolen goods he shall be fined and pay treble Damages, and, if the goods stolen shall be of the value of twenty shillings, he shall be expelled.

[This is probably the College law so frequently alluded to by our venerable Professors when they request *young gentlemen not to steal any thing*, assuring them at the same time, by way of comfort, that there are always two or three *thieves* in every class. This matter should be looked to, and if the announcement is *official* it would come certainly with better grace from the President himself.]

4. If any one shall fize upon another he shall be fined a shilling, and every Freshman sent must declare that he who sends him is the only Person to be charged.

5. If any Scholar shall break open the Door of another, or privately pick the lock with any instrument he shall be fined five shillings.

6. If any Scholar shall play at Billiards or any other unlawful or even lawful Play for Wager, or shall call for any strong Drink in any Tavern within two miles of College, except in company with his Father or a Tutor, he shall be punished two shillings and sixpence.*

7. If any scholar shall *damnify* the College house, Glass, Fence, or any thing belonging to College, he shall be fined a shilling and make good the Damages.

8. Every scholar in studying time is required wholly to abstain from singing, loud talking, and all *unharmonious* or unsuitable sounds, upon penalty of four pence.

10. If any scholar shall any where act a Comedy or Tragedy he shall be fined three shillings, and if in acting he shall put on Woman's Apparel he shall be publicly admonished. [This, we incline to think, is a plagiarism from the old Blue Laws of Connecticut. We hope, however, that the Faculty will always *frown* upon the introduction, as a general thing, of such apparel.]

14. If any scholar shall assault, wound, or strike the President or a Tutor, or shall maliciously or designedly break their windows, let him be immediately expelled. And if several shall purposely dance in any Chamber or Entry near a Tutor's room they may be punished by being deprived of the privilege of sending Freshmen on Errands.

18. If any scholar shall go out of the College Yard without a Hat, a Coat, or a gown unless ——— he may be fined not exceeding sixpence. [What this blank means we cannot say certainly, but rather think that it is an algebraic negative implying "unless he has none."]

21. Every Freshman is obliged to do any proper Errand or Message required of him by any one in an upper Class, which if he shall refuse to do he shall be punished.

22. No member of College may do or undertake any Matter or Business of Difficulty and great Importance without first consulting with the President and obtaining his consent.

Of Chambers, &c.

4. When any tumbler or other piece of glass shall be broken by an unknown person in the Hall, Chapel, Library, or Entry, or any public Room, the expense of *mending* the same shall be borne equally by all the undergraduate scholars.

* It is not, probably, known to all that at one time the Faculty bought a number of Lottery Tickets hoping thus to better the College finances; but upon their proving to be blanks they were so much exasperated that they immediately enacted the above law.

Of the Steward and Commons.

1. The Steward appointed by the President and Fellows, shall provide *Victuals* for all those who reside in College.

2. The Waiters in the Hall appointed by the President are to put the *Victuals* on the Tables, spread with *decent* linen cloaths which are to be washed *every week* by the Steward's procurement. * * * No *Victuals*, Platters, Cups, &c. may be carried out of the hall unless in case of sickness. * * * And when dinner is over the waiters are to carry the Platters and Cloath back into the Kitchen. And if any one shall offend in either of these Things or carry away any thing belonging to the Hall without leave, he shall be fined sixpence. [What a climax to a good dinner is the concluding sentence! It is literally old *Plantus* over again—"Pudding and Pence."]

3. The Steward shall take care that all the College Chambers and Entries be daily swept, and the Beds made; and those beds which are not made by 9 o'clock A. M. shall remain *untouched* until the next morning.

4. The Steward shall make out a term bill for each student—payable every quarter, with a duplicate thereof, viz.

	£	s.	d.
Tuition	1	0	0
Study Rent	0	3	0
Repairs and other charges	3	3	0

The Butler.

1. The Butler shall act as bell ringer *on all occasions*.

2. The Butler is allowed to sell in the Buttery Cyder, Metheglin, Strong Beer not exceeding twenty Barrels a year, and *such like Necessaries* for the scholars which are not sold by the Steward in the Kitchen; nor may any scholar buy Cyder or Strong Beer any where else but in the Buttery, and for this privilege the Butler shall pay fifty shillings into the College Treasury, and also provide Candles as they shall be needed in the Chapel at Prayers, or on other occasions.

Degrees, etc.

5. Every candidate shall pay to the President one pound and four shillings for every degree conferred upon him.

6. No scholar shall have his Degree unless the Steward on the Commencement Morning shall certify to the President that he hath paid all his College dues—even to his Buttery bill.

8. Every candidate for a first Degree shall appear dressed in *decent* apparel.

9. If any Freshman near the time of Commencement shall fire the Great Guns, or give Money, Council or Assistance towards their being fired, or shall burn Candles either *inside* or *outside* the College windows, or shall scrape the College Yard or shall run therein, or do any thing *unsuitable for a Freshman*, he shall be deprived the privilege of sending Freshmen on errands, or teaching them manners during the first three months of his Sophomore year.

COLLEGIANA.

We cannot but rejoice at having chanced upon the following gem of science from our redoubted friend Jeddediah Scatterbrain, ere it fell into the clutch of our sister "Maga," the "Journal of Science." That periodical we are confident would have made a *leading* article of it; but for our own part we shall evince at once our superiority and our good sense by reserving it as a desert, instead of serving up a formal "Editors' Table." We publish it therefore under the present *head*, only adding the warning of the Bard—

"Hear land o' cakes and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirke to Johnny Groat's,
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it;
A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
An' faith he'll prent it!"

MOST HONORED SIRS:—At last am I a philosopher, and fain would I have you and all the world know it. For a long, long time did I perambulate to and fro this nether sphere of ours, bethinking me of what I might do for a name. Not that my own name isn't a very good name, and a very pious name; but it was needful to affix a proper handle whereby people might see that it was made for use and not for sport. One day the thought suddenly flashed upon me, that in all my actions and doings—in my incomings and outgoings—I had *invariably followed my nose*. Like the idea—Attraction—to Newton, it was a key to existence, and after that time the universe unfolded itself beautiful and serene, with all its hidden causes linked together, and dependent from the nose. Since then I have devoted myself to the study of nasal phenomena, and having gathered to me my friends and admirers, we have formed ourselves into a Club, which is, as it were, the abstract of one huge nose. But, moreover, knowing full well that there are many others at present in this our College highly fitted by nature to join in with us, I now proceed to give you a brief outline of our science and of our proceedings, that they may thereby be induced to avouch themselves and apply for membership.

Yours truly,

JEDDEDIAH SCATTERBRAIN.

CONSTITUTION OF THE BIG NOSE CLUB.

WHEREAS, We, the undersigned, being desirous of improving the good gifts with which Providence hath favored us—therefore resolved, that we do hereby unite ourselves into a society for the purpose of perfecting our *senses* in general and our nasal *organs* in particular. Moreover, being desirous of preserving order, harmony, and a concord of sweet sounds in said society, therefore resolved, that we do adopt the following as the "*Societatis Nasorum Constitutio*."

1. *Resolved*, That no person be admitted a member of this society whose nose is not twice the medium size, and who cannot, after a fair trial, imitate the various notes of a trumpet to the satisfaction of the President.

2. *Resolved*, That the business of said society be confined to investigating the phenomena of noses—to discovering the best means of increasing their size, growth, and polish, and to the detecting the eccentricities of character indicated, by their various curves, bumps, and peculiarities.

3. *Resolved*, That the President, Vice President, and all minor officers of this society be elected in accordance with the dimensions of their respective noses—providing always that the Roman have the preference over the Grecian, and the prismatic over the spherical or bullet nose.

4. *Resolved*, That all fines be at the discretion of the presiding officer, with the proviso, however, that no fine exceed the amount of two pence ha'penny—to be paid in snuff. Moreover, that in cases of doubt an appeal may be always taken to the I's and No's.

5. *Resolved*, That any *Ladies* who are desirous of being admitted into our society, must first send a Clerk's certificate of the length of their respective noses, duly authenticated according to law; also, that they must *cease their attentions to all other sciences immediately upon admission*.

6. *Resolved*, That every member be required to anoint his nasal organ nightly—both for its better preservation, and to give it that gloss and polish which indicate gentle manners and *refined taste*.

7. *Resolved*, That we do hold in the most utter contempt *all the pug nose community*; also, that we do declare war to the knife with the Temperance Cause, as being a despoiler of our beauty, and *a traitor to our colors*.

8. *Resolved*, That we do consider *snoring* a most evident sign of *genius*, as indicating the mind to be in an active state even while sleeping. Also that *sneezing* should be encouraged, and that therefore a premium be granted monthly to the one sneezing the longest and the loudest.

9. *Resolved*, That on all State occasions some member of the *Faculty*—the one most conspicuous in our line—be requested to *Marshal* the Club.

10. *Resolved*, That *as beauty* is a conservative element in our society, therefore a diploma shall be granted to every member leaving our body, authenticating his average rank in loveliness, amiability, and *sense*.

11. *Resolved*, That as the nose is the most *prominent* of all the features, therefore it should *lead upon* all occasions.



PROSPECTUS
OF THE
TWELFTH VOLUME
OF THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

To be conducted by the Students of Yale College.

IN presenting the prospectus of a new volume of this periodical, we take occasion to express our sincere gratitude for the generous support which has hitherto been extended to us, and also for the earnest which we have already received of a continuance of the same kindly sympathy. We may also be permitted to say in this connection, that our efforts always have been and always shall be confined strictly to our own proper sphere; and that therefore whilst taking no part in College politics in any form or shape, we may fairly claim the benison of each and every one.

With such a course then, in view, we offer to the public a TWELFTH VOLUME of the YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE. We offer it not as a rival to the periodicals of the day, nor as an instructor in any of the departments of Science and Learning, nor yet as the oracle of our Alma Mater, but as a quiet companion for leisure moments, a mirror to reflect the humor of the hour. Our aim shall be to make it agreeable to all. We shall offer themes for the thoughtful, whims for the curious, jests for the fun-loving. Whoever has a truth to utter, a song to sing, or an interesting tale to tell, shall receive from us a hearty welcome and a just consideration.

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